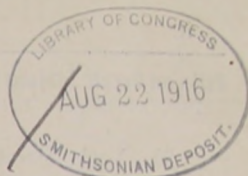


# Light:



*A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

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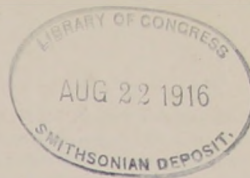
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### NOTES BY THE WAY.

A correspondent, "Godwin," writes with some depression on the social follies of the time. They are certainly numerous enough to discourage the observer who limits his attention solely to the field in which they operate. Even the matter to which "Godwin" makes particular allusion, the present-day craze for notoriety and self-advertisement, is a disquieting one. Everywhere he notices "the rage for the pushing forward of names." The old dignity and reticence are passing away, and he instances the tendency to seek for a channel of self-expression in any organ of the Press, however low its grade, even on the part of the more distinguished writers and leaders of thought. But it is necessary to discriminate. There is admittedly a rush to get the name advertised, to push the personal self forward in many directions, but this is not always the ruling motive. In some cases it is clear that the greater writers are seeking, even at some apparent loss of dignity, to address their ideas to the largest possible number of minds, and so they take the journals of biggest circulation, disregarding the appeal to the baser instincts of the populace on which the great circulation is based. The transition times through which we are passing are bound to produce a great deal that is ugly, painful and disquieting. The mere fact that those things which formerly festered below the surface are now brought conspicuously into the light is, rightly regarded, a symptom of health rather than of disease. They are being thrown off from the social body, instead of suppressed to continue the process of poisoning the organism in unsuspected places.

Another thought that comes up when we are asked to contemplate the darker signs of the day is that the ugly and worthless elements are usually the most conspicuous in times of crisis. The little turbulent "forces" rise up brawling and blatant, the great "powers" go on their way, calm and unobtrusive, hardly apparent except to those who look quietly into the depths of life. For every pushful notoriety-seeker there are thousands of quiet heroic souls taking a nameless part in the work of the world. They are unnoticed because of their very quietude and selflessness, but the labour of any one of them is often of more real consequence than the achievements of a dozen of those whose fussy activities are mainly directed to the end of self-glorification. After all, as we have said before, it is better to have movement and turbulence, however distracting and objectionable, than that kind of "peace" which results from spiritual sloth and indifference. The man who wants to "push" his ideas, his books and his discoveries with his

name attached in large capitals to each, is a more hopeful spectacle than the spiritless folk who simply desire to vegetate, to escape the trouble of thinking and the inconvenience of taking a part, whether conspicuous or inconspicuous, in the great advance of mankind beyond the old servitudes and the ancient ignorance.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The most impressive contribution made to literature by Greek story-tellers has been the exploring of Destiny. The burden of the Hebrew stories is Duty, duty to a living and single God." In these words Mr. Eric S. Robertson, before proceeding to explain the rather puzzling title of his book—"The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons: The 'J' Stories in Genesis" (Williams and Norgate, 6s. net)—gives us the key to the distinctive character of its subject matter. Though they may be well aware that the time has long gone by when the Bible was regarded as a homogeneous whole, the explanation that follows will to many readers be a very necessary one. He tells us that modern scholars have dissected the Pentateuch into four main blocks—J, E, D and P. The initial J stands for the writer or editor or group of editors responsible for that early collection of oral and written treasure, drawn up in Judah, in which the Deity is indicated as Jehovah; E for the parallel collection gathered in the Northern Kingdom, in which He is known as Elohim, *i.e.*, God; D for the document found in the Temple in the reign of Manasseh or of Josiah, and which included most of Deuteronomy; and P for the fresh body of history and law produced in Babylon after the Exile. He shows that all of these have their special qualities and characteristics. The Pentateuch is, in fact, as Professor Bennett says, "a kind of paste-up, constructed on the general lines any early Father would have used in attempting a harmony of the Gospels." Mr. Robertson's purpose in his book is to study by lights borrowed from modern critical scholars the early Genesis stories fathered by J. (whom he describes as, "like Herodotus, a gatherer of legends at old shrines"). In doing so he adopts the eminently rational and common-sense procedure of endeavouring to discern what was the actual trend of mind of their author—setting out the various stages of his narrative, as he proceeds, under such picturesque captions as "The Birth of Woman," "The Birth of War," "The Birth of Wine," "The Birth of Religion," &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the element of common-sense already referred to, Mr. Robertson adds a certain fearless bluntness which never hesitates to call a spade a spade. On one point he expresses himself with special emphasis. J's Paradise story affords no justification for the common doctrine of the Fall:—

The third chapter of Genesis did not mean in the mind of its writer or editor what St. Paul, or Augustine, or Calvin, or Luther, or Jonathan Edwards meant. The idea that Adam's sin caused the sin of all the succeeding generations is entirely absent from the story. . . . Paul's scheme of a second Adam



setting right what a first Adam set wrong is not shared by any other writer in the Bible or by Jesus Christ. St. Paul in his germinal Fall Doctrine has handed down the greatest mistake Theology has happened to perpetrate. . . . Jesus, it may be presumed, would have expressed astonishment at the formulæ to which this doctrine has given origin. At every Anglican baptism the clergyman is bound to use these words, "We beseech Thee that Thou wilt mercifully look upon this child . . . that, *being delivered from Thy wrath*, it may be received into the ark of Christ's Church." Every young person confirmed in the Church of England is bound to say and believe these words from the Catechism, "*Being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath*, we are made the children of grace." These are condemnable untruths, as issued by the Church to-day in connection with God's young children, yet no Convocation seems able to disown them.

"Would to God," he exclaims, "that some scholars would form themselves into a Society for the Extirpation of the Doctrine of the Fall! Would that Oxford or Cambridge would provide such a society!"

### A HYPNOTISED NATION.

#### A NOTE ON GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY.

Writing in *LIGHT* of December 26th, 1914, Mr. H. Ernest Hunt saw in the mental condition of the German nation which led to the great war all the signs of hypnosis. Recently we came across an article by a German Socialist written apparently before the war, in which, as will be seen by the following extract, he traces the influence on his nation of Hohenzollern "suggestion" effected by names, pictures, monuments, &c., all with an insidious appeal to the impressionable Teuton.

The tourist from constitutional lands, who for the first time sets foot on German soil, is surprised by the hypnotising display of "patriotic" monuments, squares and streets. He is haunted everywhere by the names of the Hohenzollern electors, kings and emperors—from the Beggar Markgraf to the present sabre-rattling ruler, who turns the sweat of seventy-five million souls into "Dreadnoughts" and Zeppelins.

There is hardly a painter in the Fatherland who is not responsible for some fierce-looking Emperor-picture for a school or a town-hall. And so it is with every branch of art, literature and science. Hence the name of Hohenzollern is, in Germany, inseparable from everything that is the outcome of human intellect and ambition, and go where you will, the idea of Kaiserism follows you like an evil genius, which, at last, makes you look upon the world as a huge advertisement of His Imperial Majesty's greatness.

In small villages the cult begins with a memorial tablet put up on a tree near the village pump, or at some other busy spot, where the inhabitants cannot escape from it. Little towns which cannot yet afford a life-size statue have temporarily a head and shoulders, or at least a Hohenzollern-street, a Königin-Viktoria-Luise fountain, or a Kronprinzessen-lane. The cult develops with the city's size, and large towns refresh their memories daily by the presence of an equestrian monument, as well as a Kaiser Hotel, a Kaiser-Wilhelm-der-Erste Public High School for boys, a Kurfürsten Platz, a Kronprinz-Friedrich-Wilhelm Cemetery, or a Gross-somebody's Library.

Great accomplishments of genius are not exempt from this misplaced hero-worship. The huge railway bridge in Westphalia, known to every engineer of the world by the name of Mungsten Bridge, is indeed a feat of modern engineering. As one looks from the deep valley up to the gigantic cobweb structure, one cannot but admire the engineer who put so lofty an ideal into realisation. But, alas! just on the top, where the graceful curves meet high up in the sky, the official name—Kaiser-Wilhelm Brücke—in golden letters, sneers at you in defiance.

If you go to Germany and inquire for the Kiel Canal, they look at you in wonder, for the Fatherland knows only a Kaiser Wilhelm Kanal.

The largest bell in Cologne Cathedral is called, of course, the Kaiser Glocke, and if you look sadly away, down the giddy depth into the streets, your gaze falls upon huge posters and flag displays, inviting you to spend an evening at the Kronprinz Opera House, or praising the durability of the latest fashion in Kaiser-Wilhelm socks. When Professor Koch discovered in Africa his famous bacillus, it was seriously proposed to honour it with the name of Hohenzollern. Someone remarked at the time that there was no need to make such a fuss about a Hohenzollern bacillus, as the brain of the whole nation was infected with it, and apparently no one felt any the worse.

### MYSTICISM: A CRITICAL NOTE.

BY COLIN McALPIN.

[Mr. Colin McAlpin is the well-known musical composer and the author of a remarkable book on the arts, "Hermaia."]

Spiritualism, which seeks to probe the great Within, must sooner or later come up against the question of mysticism. As a theory, it penetrates the outer phenomenal hull of reality; as a practice, it enjoys communion with the many denizens of an interior realm of life. Whether we term it trance-mediumship or no, many have been the superior souls who—quite apart from Spiritualistic prepossessions—have tapped an inner world of sempiternal beauty. Blake, for instance, had his pictorial visions of the spiritual; and Handel, when penning his "Hallelujah Chorus," said, "I did see all heaven open before me, and the Great God Himself." And what more natural and logical than the passage from communion with spirits of varying grades of excellence to a very real contact with the Infinite Spirit and Father of us all? As Benjamin Jowett puts it: "Mysticism is Religion in its most concentrated and exclusive form, that in which all other relations are swallowed up in the relation of the soul to God." But the following reflections have been stimulated by recurrent references to this inviting theme in recent numbers of *LIGHT*.

In the first place, let us bring to the notice of the reader the following authoritative statements on the subject. Vaughan, writing of Dionysius the Areopagite, says that "To assert anything concerning a God who is above all affirmation is to speak in a figure—to veil him. The more you deny concerning him, the more of such veils do you remove. By negation we approach most nearly to a true apprehension of what he is." But surely the higher the reality the more we can pronounce upon it in the affirmative. More can be said of a man than of a mollusc. The truth is, agnosticism, whatever form it takes, ignores the principle of a manifesting Deity. God, for instance, is for ever unveiling Himself in the unfolding of His universe. And in view of what we indubitably know concerning man and Nature, the following certitudes emerge. God reveals Himself as One who labours incessantly, and glories in the work of creation. He discloses Himself as a passionate lover of beauty. He betrays an unflinching regard for the majesty of law and order. His constant aim is ever higher achievements in the scale of evolution. His holiest delight is in the triumph of the good. And to deny these open truths is not to know Him better. All this, moreover, quite apart from the express revelation of His saving grace and love. But we are here not so much concerned with the intellectual apprehension of, as with the soul's communion with, the Infinite and Eternal.

And in this connection, Dionysius speaks of the gradual union of the soul with God as a kind of progress "by diminishing." But here we seem to be led perilously near the nescience of "Nirvana," though that may be—as is often asserted—"something" about which we know nothing. It looks, moreover, more like a process of retrogression than one of progression. Dionysius (in a comparison which was also used by Plotinus) likens the procedure, however, to that of sculpture, where fragment after fragment is chipped off the marble. Hence what remains is a very definite thing of substantial beauty, and what is discarded is merely that which is worthless and unwanted. We need not, therefore, quarrel with the following quotation from Emerson:—

The man proceeding thence puts off the egotism of manhood and becomes at last a public and universal soul . . . rising to greater heights, but also rising to realities, the outer relations and circumstances dying out, he entering deeper into God, God into him, until the last garment of egotism falls and he is with God—shares the will and the immensity of the First Cause.

Again: Tennyson, writing of his own personal experience, says that—

All at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was almost a laughable



impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life.

With him there was "no shade of doubt,"

But utter clearness; and thro' loss of self  
The gain of such large life as matched with ours  
Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words.

But even here we seem to be met with a confusion of thought and contradiction in ideas. For whereas on the one hand it is said to be a state of "utter clearness," on the other it is one wherein the self that knows the state is supposed to be lost. Perhaps, however, the poet, if hard pressed, would have drawn a radical distinction between the "outer personality" and the "inner individuality"; for he had, most assuredly, no sympathy whatever with the theory of absolute extinction. Indeed, we see the difficulty—Tennyson himself admits it—of adequately expressing in words so sublime a state of soul.

Still, many a mystic has fallen into the intellectual error of regarding the mystical state of consciousness as virtually synonymous with the loss of the sense of individuality. Madame Guyon, for instance, in her choicest hymnody comes dangerously near the destruction of her own self-being. And the fallacy is obvious. Union is not identity; sympathy is not absorption. To love is to gain—a gain, moreover, which accrues to both the lover and the loved. Even German philosophy has, at least, taught us this much—that unity is not to be found in identity, but in and through the principle of difference. Union, moreover, is quite compatible with distinction. Though the chord is one, the several notes which go to make up its harmonious unity still retain their audible identity. Though the sun be single, light and heat remain perennially distinctive manifestations. Neither could the interests of a genuine religious activity be rightly served by the extinction of the sense of such personal and self-conscious relation as makes religion itself alone possible. So if we lose ourselves in God, it is only that we may find our higher selves afresh. We die that *we* may live.

Nevertheless, the seeming loss of distinction between subject and object is eminently understandable. When, for instance, in the contemplation of the sublime in Nature, do we not seem to lose entire hold of ourselves, and sink to dreamless rest beneath the waves of oceanic Being? Similarly with respect to the superior state of mystical rapture; for here, too, the distinction 'twixt the Infinite and finite self seems, at times, to be wholly obliterated. We are blinded by the blaze of unearthly refulgence; just as some are baulked and baffled by music's speechless sound, or deafened by its classic clamour. We say with Walt Whitman that "I cannot be awake, for nothing looks to me as it did before, or else I am awake for the first time, and all before has been a mean sleep." Needless to say, however, we hold the latter view to be the more tenable and sane. For he who is awake is more fully alive to reality than he who is asleep.

Be it remembered, moreover, such states of spiritual exaltation as here considered are obviously intermittent and sporadic. They represent not a usual, but an unusual, condition of soul. They adumbrate a mode of consciousness which as yet is, in all probability, but in its infancy. Hence the attendant obscurity and seeming self-unconsciousness. But what is mystifying and indistinct to the child becomes clear, though mystical, to the man. And this we call progress in the development of the mind. To take an artistic analogy: if modern music be to the unmusical but a jargon of incomprehensible noise, to the musical whose ears are attuned to higher tonal possibilities it becomes coherent and harmonious. Though at times the eye is blinded by the blazing glories of the noontide sun, the progressive evolution of vision has not involved the gradual disintegration of the faculty of sight. On the contrary, the power to see has passed from a vague consciousness of an objective something to a more definite consciousness of an all-encompassing beauty.

But some zealously devout souls have regarded the persistence of self in the presence of the All-inclusive as an unwarrantable piece of unspiritual presumption. Thus Gautama, the Buddha: "People are in bondage because they have not yet removed the idea of the I." But how the act of worship

can be properly promoted when the creature is lost to the knowledge of its own adulation, nothing but a mistaken monism can hope to explain. Obviously you cannot have a state of consciousness, however ecstatic it be, without being conscious of the self which has this state of consciousness. Surely oblivious obeisance is a contradiction in terms. No true father, moreover, but wishes his child to be another emphatic self of the highest order, nor be swallowed up in the greedy maw of his larger personality. And what kind of love is that which is destined to be at one time unreciprocated? Surely it cannot deny its own nature, and become so selfishly tyrannical?

Still there is a sense in which self-emptying is a spiritual necessity. But we are only to be emptied of such earthly imaginings as crowd the gallery of the grosser mind—only emptied of the noisy passions of a wilful heart so that in the stillness of the soul may be heard the music of its God. The fact is, we must differentiate between a metaphysical extinction and a moral surrender of the self, between the denial of a passive Buddhism and the affirmation of an active Christianity. The one is a suicidal ethic by reason of its faithless negation of the individual; the other is an ethic of salvation through belief in the preciousness of personality. Indeed, the intellectual dangers we speak of are current mainly amongst the mystics of the East and a certain type of neo-Platonists. Occidental mysticism, if true to its own religious genius, will have none of it. We are assured, therefore, that a healthy and robust mysticism will ever remain in a clear, self-conscious experience, prophetic, not of the extinction, but of the exaltation of the soul.

But what, after all, does man's Godward tendency exactly involve if not a growing likeness to Divinity? And who is God if not eternally the great "I am"? It behoves us to be clear in this matter. Impersonality is not more, but less, than personality: supra-personality is not the minimisation, but the magnification of personality. All evolution is commensurate with an increased complex of correspondences which strengthen rather than weaken the sense of self. We might even say that God Himself is enriched in and through His relation to the myriad discreted souls of His own creation. Hence loss of self-knowledge would be an unmitigated deprivation. But God thinks, therefore He is: God knows He thinks, therefore He knows He is. And similarly with man. The truth is we are in danger of prostituting the Divine Personality to the level of a vague, impersonal force. Neither is the spirit of a man but vapour to be sucked up by the warmth of the sun. The very nature of soul is such that it cannot lose the God-given sense of its own eternal being.

The fact is, this seeming loss of self-consciousness, when the soul is rapt in wonderment before the cosmic vastness, or in the contemplation of the Divine Ineffable, does not in reality argue the ultimate extinction of individuality, but only the inability to apprehend so great a mystery. And how could we otherwise "see" than "through a glass darkly," tabernacled as we now are in so dull a tenement of clay? It is our present mental impotence, not our future destiny, that is here insinuated. But we shall one day "know as we are known," just as we shall one time come to realise more fully such depths of personal self-being as so profoundly stir within each one of us. "The finiteness of the finite," writes Lotze, "is not a producing condition of this personality, but a limit and hindrance of its development."

It is not, then, loss of self but self-enlargement that awaits us in the future; not salvation through self-extinction, but through self-realisation. And this, since absorption would mean not advancement, but failure to attain. So we shall not perish in the consuming fire of Divine Love; we shall only be purged of the dross of self, leaving the gold refined and meet to be shaped into a vessel for holier usage. Yet, the mystery of it all!

L.S.A. MEETINGS (CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY).—The Council of the Alliance have decided that admission to the Tuesday meetings for clairvoyance and psychometry shall in future be restricted to members, but arrangements will be made whereby members will have the privilege of introducing friends as invited guests.



OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 5TH, 1916.

## Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

APPLICATIONS by Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., for the loan of books from the Alliance Library should be addressed to the Librarian, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Office of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

## CANADIAN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND THE "DIRECT VOICE."

We have received from Mr. Herbert G. Paull, the Secretary of the Canadian Society for Psychical Research, a pamphlet entitled, "The Voice of the Spirit," its subtitle indicating that it is a record of six "occult séances" of the W. T. Stead Bureau Committee, held under the auspices of the Canadian S.P.R. It contains a general presentation of the subject of Spiritualism, but the major part of the book is, of course, taken up with an account of the séances, which were for the direct voice, the medium being the Rev. Hugh Gordon Burroughs.

We found it of great interest, but at the risk of seeming ungracious we could wish that the account had been presented in a more restrained and accurate form. Mr. Paull writes in an excited and vehement fashion, with a profusion of adjectives. Misprints and other errors disfigure the work in several places, and "the sample of fifty of the incalculable host of notables" who have investigated "the occult realms of spirit" would have been the better for careful revision. The spelling of names is admittedly an arbitrary matter, but some of the names are too well known to excuse any carelessness. "Crooks," "Lombrosso," "Usbane Moore," "Flammarian" are examples. We hardly recognised Paracelsus under the spelling "Paraulsus"—even if it were a misprint it should not have escaped attention. Mr. Paull, too, writing under the auspices of a scientific society, should not have been permitted to say that "devil is Greek for daemon." It is not so. States of consciousness or unconsciousness are many, but a state of "comparative como" is unknown to us whether in mediums or other persons. Careful editing would have saved us such eyesores as "sacriligious," "predilictions," "speritual," "ethereilization," "eidolin," &c. We take no pleasure in this part of a critic's duty. It is forced on us by the desire that so tremendously important a subject as this shall not be marred by an appearance of haste and carelessness on the part of those who present it to the attention of educated inquirers. The latter may easily suppose that verbal inaccuracies argue a general disregard of exactness. We know, of course, that this is not the case. A man who cannot put his ideas into correct English may yet be a more precise and reliable observer than a skilled writer.

After all, the faults we have pointed out are perhaps a small price to pay for the courage and earnestness which Mr. Paull displays throughout the pamphlet. The long conversations with spirit communicators using the direct voice are immensely interesting. The questions and remarks of the sitters show the real critical and scientific spirit, and a clear appreciation of the many problems suggested by the phenomena investigated. The familiar question as to the method whereby the voice is produced is

thus answered by one of the controls, Mr. Timothy Murphy, in whom (by the style of his conversation) we think we recognise an occasional visitor to Mrs. Wriedt's séances in London, although his name was then unknown to us.

After explaining that the "astral" or spiritual body is connected with the physical body by a fine cord which is usually seen by the true clairvoyant at or near the solar plexus region, he says:—

This astral body, while in contact with its physical vehicle, may be forced out for the time being by the will [whereupon] the silvery cord expands or stretches as a rubber band or cord [would do] and by a correct application of the will the astral [body] is capable of producing much phenomena, as it often does while the physical and subjective self may be in a dream state. The astral body then while out or away from its temple is the first instrument of communication, for it must be used by those who wish to communicate with the friends of earth (the medium may or may not be conscious of this fact). . . . Now as our medium, Mr. Burroughs, forces his astral body out, and in this case produces trance, I . . . by the law of suggestion, put it in motion, and through or by its density, I cause it to pick up the trumpet or any other object which I desire to move though the physical hands of the medium may be at all times held. Through the same law of suggestion I cause it to take on my personality and present myself to you as an individual apart from the personality of the medium. As your friends desire to reach you, I step aside and they one by one, as myself, use the astral body as a means through the same law above-mentioned to give you the message they desire. Male or female bodies [have] equal success, and as the astral body is plastic, it may assume any identity that is strong enough to use it. This accounts for the different tone productions one hears in a physical séance. Ofttimes some of the higher forces [spirits] wish to reach you from the greater spheres—this is done through the law of vibration and reaches the astral body of the medium in different ways—sometimes by or through wave vibration, and sometimes through tubular vibrations. This last law of tubular vibrations would require many hours of discussion to explain, but I believe I have made the main facts clear. The words spoken by the spirits are first thought [by them] and vibrated upon the vocalisation of the astral body, which in turn vibrates within the larynx or "sounding board" of the medium. This is why the vibration may be felt by those in touch with the medium.

That leaves a good deal unexplained—it clearly applies only to one form of direct voice mediumship. Nevertheless there is much in it that will be of interest to those—and they are now many—who have made a practical study of direct voice manifestations. It refers, as will be seen, to the close connection between the "voice" and the medium's own vocal organs and seems to confirm the theory of a distinguished man of letters who, after much investigation, told us of his theory that spirits communicating do not speak directly to the circle but through some temporary form of personality, although precisely what this is he could not determine. Another gentleman, who in his early days was a celebrated medium, but who to-day is an even more celebrated author, told us that during his experience as a medium he became convinced that the remarkable manifestations produced in his presence were the result of the activity of his "double." (We may mention, by the way, that the martyrdom he underwent at the hands of hordes of shallow and heartless curiosity-mongers, coupled with his growing disbelief in the agency of exanimate spirits, induced him to give up the practice of mediumship—he resolved that he would no longer be butchered to make a psychic holiday! That was the world's loss, and although to-day he has a better knowledge of the facts of mediumship, it is doubtful if he will ever return to it.) We make these comments in passing. The opinions of the people in question, as practical investigators, have a suggestive bearing on Mr. Murphy's remarks concerning the use of the medium's "astral" body.



Mr. Paull's pamphlet gives the records of many conversations with spirit visitors, in especial Mr. W. T. Stead, as is natural, seeing that the inquiry was conducted by the W. T. Stead Bureau Committee, which included Dr. John S. King, the President of the Canadian S.P.R.; Mrs. E. A. Calvert, President of the Progressive Research Club, Toronto; Mrs. A. Murphy, Vice-President of the Club; Mr. H. G. Paull, the Secretary of the Canadian S.P.R., and others. It is difficult for an outsider to pronounce on the question of identity, especially as Queen Victoria, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Margaret Fuller and other famous people were amongst the speakers. But a general survey gives the impression that many of us have already gained by visiting circles for the direct voice, viz., that some of the characters are life-like and natural in their modes of expression, while others seem to reflect in some curious fashion the conditions of the circle, their phrases and sentiments suggesting an echo of the mentality of the sitters or some of them. But this peculiarity is not confined to manifestations of the direct voice. It is a familiar feature in other forms of phenomena, as all experienced Spiritualists can attest.

On the whole we found Mr. Paull's pamphlet an arresting production. The arguments and illustrations he uses in enforcing the lesson of the facts and the importance of Psychical Research show him to be an alert, courageous and practical exponent of the subject. Those who properly grasp its importance will perhaps regard the blemishes to which we have alluded as comparatively trivial. But they certainly mar the message for a large class of minds who insist on a careful examination of the *surface* of anything presented to them as the condition of pressing their investigation below the surface, and the fitness of things certainly requires that a great message shall be delivered in a form entirely worthy of its importance.

### THE LIFE PERSISTENT.

In the course of an address on "Life and Death" at the Primitive Methodist Church, Stafford-street, Walsall, on the 23rd ult., Sir Oliver Lodge is reported to have said that the whole of Europe stood face to face with death. We were in a marvellous state of ignorance, not altogether because we were not taught science at school, for even those who gave their lives to science had to admit that the realm of ignorance was enormously larger than the realm of knowledge, and the more it expanded the more they found the infinitude of things there was to know.

Life was not energy, but utilised and guided energy to produce results which otherwise would not happen. The great progress of evolution was going on, and what its outcome would be we did not know. We only knew there would not be an end. We lived in a material universe for a short time, and by the brain and muscles we might interact with it. It was amazing what interaction there was between mind and matter, and death was but the suspension of that particular form of activity.

At death each would take his own personality with him. The idea that people after death became glorified beings, fit company for the saints, was a mistaken idea. They would find the other side of death very like this side; they might want to get rid of their characters, but they could not. There was no next world, except in the sense that it was where we were going next. The next world was there all the time. There was a kind of subjective partition; we are on one side and the communication was interrupted, but the universe was one and not two.

A body we should have, though it would not be a material body, and some of the features of the body that we have acquired here would be permanent and carried on, and only in that sense would there be a resurrection of the body.

### RACHEL COMFORTED: THE STORY OF A MOTHER AND CHILD.

By "RACHEL."

I consider that the planchette is in most cases the best "writing medium" we yet know of for communications from the other side. If the hand be used, one feels uncertain whether it be oneself or the spirit. It is often both, mixed. But that is very unsatisfactory. When the planchette is really being controlled (as described in my previous articles under this heading) by a discarnate person, the two people (two are best) who sit at it can have not the smallest doubt that a third and unseen personality is present, and is moving it. You yourselves have nothing whatever to do with it, beyond letting your finger-tips lightly touch the board. After we had sat patiently some time, the writing became more and more legible, more and more easy and rapid. A few minutes (at first, perhaps, even half-an-hour) after sitting down, we would notice a strange trembling, stirring movement in the little board. It was, in fact, as if the inanimate wood were becoming a living thing! I often whispered to Nellie: "It is as if a small living animal is struggling under our fingers to move!" Having gathered up enough strength (drawn, as I believe, from the electricity in us), it would start off, and so rapidly did it write that Sunny, through it, could fill up an enormous sheet of white paper about twenty-six inches by twenty-one (pinned to a white tablecloth firmly spread over the table, the tablecloth pinned together under the table to prevent it moving) in a far shorter space of time than we could have done it ourselves. He became so joyous and eager as we went on, and so pleased at his own cleverness, that the little board would dash along oblivious of any remarks we made. Seeing he was getting to the edge of the sheet, we would call out "Stop, stop!" (so that we might move the planchette back to a fresh line); but often he would *not* stop, but raced along, the last few words being written on the highly starched white tablecloth, and I often wondered what our laundry thought of a long line of such words as "and then, darling mother," "Towzer began to," "hullo!" and sometimes only the fag end of words. He was so eager that if we sought to stop him when he was intent on finishing his sentence, we found that on trying to move the planchette back, *it was held down with such force* that Nellie and I both had to pull at it to lift it at all.

I always believe, had we been able to continue these delightful experiences another year or two, that we should have had the joy of seeing the little board move entirely of itself, in broad daylight, under perfectly normal conditions; for, after one year, Sunny one day, when very strong and joyous, moved it feebly entirely by itself, neither Nellie nor I touching it at all. But the effort exhausted him so much that I did not ask for it again.

In earth-life Sunny loved inventing and asking riddles. One day we sat down to planchette, and while resting our fingers on it and waiting for Sunny to begin, we discussed a ten-shilling piece I had dropped that morning in a shop. I was worried over it, and Nellie was trying to cheer me up, when all of a sudden Sunny (tired evidently of this dry conversation!) wrote rapidly, without the smallest preamble, "Why do policemen wear big boots?"

It was the first time since his transition that he had ever asked a riddle, and I was so taken aback I did not know whether to laugh or cry, but of the two emotions the joy was greater, for it was these things which were to me so convincing. Nellie looked frightened, and whispered "Is it Master Sunny?" I fancy she thought a stalwart policeman from the other side might be paying us a visit. I replied "Oh, it's he. He loved riddles." In earth-life Sunny would have days and days of riddle-composing, and would land one on you, shouting "Guess again!" every time you guessed wrong. He wrote now that we were to "guess the answer," and when I said "Oh, Sunny! How like you this is!" he wrote "That isn't the answer, is it? Oh, mother, do guess!" (He soon learnt to underline words.) After many



guesses, and "Oh, Nellie, you duffer!" &c., he wrote solemnly: "Because they've got big feet," and asked "Am I clever?" and when we praised him the little board would fairly dance with joy, lift itself and stroke my face, and sometimes Nellie's too, and then he would write rapidly "Oh, I do love praise!"

After that we had riddles, and *only* riddles, for days on end.

Then he would have a poetic fit, and would compose yards of childish poetry, sometimes serious, sometimes amusing. Then he had a spell of drawing—another favourite amusement of his on this side. It was quite marvellous the way he used that rather clumsy little board to draw, in turn, angels, omnibuses, bicycles, houses, ships, people, &c. He could never draw very well, and had always envied the great talent in drawing and painting possessed by one of his brothers. But he was always passionately fond of drawing pictures, and I had put away in a trunk, with his dear little clothes, every single drawing he had ever done for me. His drawings with the planchette went on day by day—of course under great difficulties at first, for he found it hard to lift it up to fresh lines, &c. But finally he was able to give us charmingly childish pictures, generally full of fun, and on comparing these with his past ones every characteristic was there. He drew an omnibus one day (they were horse omnibuses then) with people inside and an old lady climbing the steps, being assisted by the conductor. He labelled this "A 'bus; mother inside with a feather round her hat." (We looked and recognised it.) "And grannie climbing to the top swearing at the conductor" (a bit of boyish mischief, and just the way he used to tease my mother, who is much too dignified to do any of these things).

I remember laughing at the two very decrepit-looking horses he had drawn, and I said in fun, "The poor horses look very hungry, Sunny!" He was quite hurt. Had he done them badly? Didn't I like his picture? &c. All this is so like him. He would have sensitive moods, and think you were laughing at him. But, as a rule, good temper, joyous love of life, jokes, and "larks," quick repartee, a great sense of humour, and a most affectionate nature characterised him.

Here is verbatim one (short) conversation, dated *December 1st, Sunday morning*. (On Sundays we only talked a short time.)

MOTHER: "Sunny, darling."

SUNNY: "Oh, yes, mother darling. Do you like my story?"

MOTHER: "Oh, I do indeed!"

SUNNY: "Well, will you just tell Miss Nellie to keep her thoughts to herself?"

MOTHER: "But she is delighted with your story."

SUNNY: "Oh, yes, I know! But she said 'I believe it's his own experiences.' Now, Nellie, just you don't believe anything at all about it. Please wait till the last chapter."

MOTHER: "All right. We like it so much."

SUNNY: "Oh, I am so glad you like it. Ten minutes up yet, eh?"

MOTHER: "Not yet, darling. What are you going to do all to-day, Sunny?"

SUNNY: "Going to church. Have my dinner. Read, and enjoy myself. And what are *you* going to do, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

MOTHER: "Well, first I'm going to Earl's Court to take the train to Windyfield."

SUNNY: "Oh, dear! Take the train! Oh, it will be heavy for you to take!"

The "story" he alludes to I may give entirely later. He was several weeks writing it, doing a small bit every day, then stopping, and asking "Now can we have a nice chat? I'm tired of the story." It was obviously his own experiences from the hour he found himself on the other side. But he would not tell us the identity of the "little boy" whose experiences he described, and, childlike, was most anxious to keep up the mystery, often stopping suddenly, when racing along, to write (with an anxiety impossible to describe, yet vividly recognisable by us), "You don't know who the little boy is, do you?" And, of course, to please him, we would say, "Oh, no!" And so he would continue in most joyous mood, though as time went on it became a rather open secret.

Here is another little conversation:—

MOTHER: "Who teaches you, Sunny?"

SUNNY: "My teacher, mother."

MOTHER: "Who is your teacher, darling?"

SUNNY: "She is Love."

MOTHER: "Do you call her Love?"

SUNNY: "Her name is Love, but I call her lots of other names."

MOTHER: "Will you grow to love her more than me?"

SUNNY: "Mother, my own little mother! You know I could never, *never* love anybody so much as I do you, my pet!"

MOTHER: "Well, tell me some of the names you call your teacher."

SUNNY: "Mother, first tell me, are you jealous? You know I must love everybody, but mother best of all."

MOTHER: "No, darling, not jealous. Tell me some of the names you call her. I won't be jealous."

SUNNY: "Sometimes I tell her she is an angel, and sometimes I tell her she is a beauty."

MOTHER: "Is she an angel?"

SUNNY: "Oh, no."

MOTHER: "How old is she?"

SUNNY (slowly and very mournfully): "You are a little bit jealous, I think."

MOTHER: "No, no, my funny pet, I won't be jealous!" (Of course I was, and he saw it.)

SUNNY: "I think my teacher is twenty-four, but I have not asked her. Shall I?"

MOTHER: "Would she be vexed? Ladies here don't like their ages asked."

SUNNY: "No, mother, she is never vexed."

MOTHER: "Does she live in the same house with you, darling?"

SUNNY: "Are you sure you are *not* a little bit jealous?" He told us she had on "a white dress this morning, but she has a blue one on now."

There are people who have a most remarkable attitude towards life on the other side as regards the objects in it. I have met people (and there are thousands, as we know, who if Sunny said his teacher wore a dress of white gossamer, would say, "That is as it should be." But if he told us it was of alpaca, they would have a fit. If he spoke of someone playing music with a trumpet of pure gold, they would believe it. But if it was of tin they would decide that Sunny was an evil spirit, and not Sunny at all. Meals of grapes and "luscious fruits" would be admitted, but not of peas or potatoes. Even a chair might be allowed, providing it was strictly picturesque: a couch, but *not* a bed, and so on. A lady told me, in superior tones, that her husband lived "under a canopy" on the other side, and that houses denoted a very low plane indeed—why, she would find it perhaps hard to explain. I do not believe my Sunny is "on a very low plane." He was more fitted to a fairly high plane than many adults would be likely to attain at once. And why the most advanced of souls should not be as advanced and holy in a house as under a canopy puzzles me. There are more saints living and doing good in the East End of London than in the West End. I quite believe that, as we shall advance, we shall also arrive at more that is beautiful and less that is ugly. A house may be a thing of great beauty and art (the concrete thought of a nature beautiful and artistic), or it may be the Early Victorian horror of the Early Victorian mind, with a dark basement and the hideous bow-windows and hard, cold front of the typical London square. Each dwelling is but someone's ideas and thoughts embodied. The houses and furniture of certain periods are standing examples of narrow outlook, bigoted ideas, and rather ugly, crooked, or foolish minds. Of course, want of space was, and is, a great excuse. But take the artistically-evolved architect of to-day, and he will, with only the same space, design you an abode which satisfies your soul to some degree instead of setting your teeth on edge.

Another lady recently told me that a friend of hers, passed on, could not possibly be in any plane "so low" that to help or advise, cheer or comfort, the friend struggling (amid many sorrows) on this side, would be possible to the advanced one, or agreeable! She was "much too high up." If being "high up"



## THE WESTON PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH.

The Rev. Chas. L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, Otley, Yorks, writes:—

As the statement has been made that the appearance of the bearded man upon the photograph which I recently took at my vicarage is due to the interposition of flowers, branches or fronds standing up from the table, or interposed between the position occupied by the figure and the camera, and that the face is formed by leaves or fronds "out of focus," I wish here to state distinctly that there were no flowers, branches, fronds or sprays of any kind upon the table, or interposing between the end of the piano, where my wife saw the figure, and the camera. Nothing visible to normal vision interposed between the camera lens and the place where the figure of the man shows up on the photo. During the whole time of the exposure my wife clairvoyantly saw the figure of the bearded man move away from my son's side, pass round the corner of the table and take up a position in front of the piano, where she distinctly and steadfastly saw him during the whole time of the exposure, occupying the position where the image afterwards appeared on the plate.

The fact that the lines of sight from the camera and the clairvoyant respectively are widely divergent makes it impossible that the camera image and the clairvoyant's vision could have been caused by the same interposing branch, frond, or flower, even had such been there.

Again, the suggestion that the figure seen in the photograph is merely an effect of light and shade is easily disproved by comparison with another photograph taken later under the same conditions of light and at the same time of day. Not the slightest trace of the figure is to be seen in the second photo, the pleated silk front of the piano being clearly and distinctly shown. All the suggested explanations of finger-prints, film defects, interposed flowers and branches, light and shade, are therefore untenable. All the evidence points to the psychic explanation as the only satisfactory one.

## A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF AUGUST 7TH, 1886.)

The following story lately appeared in a native Japanese paper: "A few nights since a jinrikisha man, whose stand was close by the entrance to a temple in the vicinity of Kawasaki (Osaka), was hired by a woman to take her to a house in the village. After starting, the jinrikisha man says, he was astonished at the lightness of his fare and repeatedly turned round to see if she had not alighted. Each time, however, he distinctly saw her, and in due course they arrived at the house he had been hired to take her to. Here she got out and at once entered the premises, but, as she had not paid her fare, he, after waiting a few minutes, knocked at the door. His summons was answered by the master of the house, to whom he applied for payment of the amount agreed upon (10 sen), when, to his astonishment, he was told that he had made a mistake, and that no one had lately entered the house. The jinrikisha man, however, was not to be put off, and insisted that he had brought a woman who had just entered the premises without paying her fare. To this the master replied that his statement could not be correct, as there was no woman living on the premises, his wife having died a few days previous. The jinrikisha man, however, would not be convinced; so a child, four years old, who was nursing the deceased's baby, was called and stated that she had just seen her mother enter the house and nurse the baby. The husband was convinced that his deceased wife had paid a visit to the children, and paid the man his fare."

THOSE who need much help and can give none are the ones we call the wicked. Those who could give much but give little we call the good. Those who try to give all they can, as they think that Christ would have them do, we call cranks.—E. KAY ROBINSON.

M. GORCE, a French reader, writes expressing the wish, as a reader of LIGHT, a lover of England, and a man keenly interested in psychic matters, to enter into correspondence with an English friend. He has some knowledge of English, and desires that any letters sent to him should be in that language, but he will write in French. Any letters sent to us for him, prepaid, shall be forwarded.

means enjoying yourself so much amid heavenly glories that those who so badly need you on earth are forgotten and ignored, then may no one whom I love or respect go as "high up" as that.

I expect that lady's friend is longing to help her if given the chance!

## TOLERANCE: THE LARGER VIEW.

Every day brings its own experience and enlarges our field of view. In every conversation and by every book we read we unconsciously checking, correcting, and modifying our preconceived ideas, re-arranging and recasting our little store of wisdom and truth. The events and thoughts of every hour keep our knowledge in a continual state of flux, the cauldron is ceaselessly stirred and new ingredients are added. As no two people have quite the same experience, so no two people's views exactly coincide, and no man's mental picture of God, of the world and of all things therein can be precisely that of anyone else. We may marvel that we can agree with our neighbours as far as, in fact, we do. My friend's "mauve" may be approximately the same colour as my "purple" and another man's "violet," but we shall be three very exceptional men if we allow that it is so.

A sculptor makes many statues, of which no two are exactly alike, and yet a competent judge may detect characteristics, a certain manner, which proclaim them all the same master's work. So no two men nor angels are alike nor ever will be. Some have visions, perceptions, phases of mentality, levels of consciousness of which others never even suspect the possibility. There are first-floor people and second-floor people and people again who have not yet emerged from the basement. The more elevated our standpoint and the more comprehensive our sweep of knowledge, the more tolerant and sympathetic should we be. The narrow and prejudiced are the ignorant and rudimentary, for we are suspicious and sceptical about that which transcends our own experience, and in the Middle Ages the faggot was ready for the presumptuous opponent of anything that was settled, tabulated and authorised. The man with the larger consciousness must be a prophet not a persecutor. He will be scoffed at as a dreamer and idealist; but "wisdom is justified of her children," and Elijah seated upon the hilltop will not come down at the bidding of the common herd. "Explain yourself, justify yourself," they cry, but he cannot pour his gallon into the pint measure held out to him. Martha, good soul, cannot think what her sister would be at—selfishness and laziness seem the only possible explanation of her unpractical attitude; and yet Mary no less than Martha is setting her house in order.

To go from Lausanne to Visp it is not necessary to look out of the window of the train, the traveller will get there just as quickly if he sit and read the "Financial Times"; but there is a type of men to whom looking at the scenery is the principal part of the business, and whether he arrive at Visp or Vladivostok is all one to him provided the hills are high and the lakes blue. There is something to him beyond the ritual and the priest, a dominant idea beneath all the wheels, straps and pistons of life's machinery.

To many Spiritualism is a pot of poison with a good deal of frothy fraud on the top; to others it is medicine, for the need of which the world of our day is dying; and the exasperating thing is that the patient, deplorably sick though he is, can be persuaded to take so little of it.

The intense desire to propagate our own views is one of the most extraordinary things in life, and even the Secularist must give himself the trouble of going to the park every Sunday to disseminate his dreary doctrines. Let us not be perturbed, "Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God." There will always be swine who prefer offal to pearls; and quite right too, for until we develop capacity, pearls are useless to us.

When the ground is baked hard and dry, the rain will run off it, be it never so much in need of moisture. Let us smile and pass on, reviling and scorn will not help the cause; it is, after all, an antiquated method of determining whether or no a man is dead to rap him on the head with a hammer—though the hammer may be of the purest gold.

F. FIELDING-OULD.



## "THE DAYS AND DREAMS OF EDWARD CARPENTER."

Mr. F. C. Constable writes:—

As one of many who respect and admire Edward Carpenter, I find difficulty in understanding him when he says that he seems to be utterly unreasonable in feeling a curious sense of liberation and of obstacles removed, even a curious feeling of joy, as his bodily powers fail. Such feeling I think is reasonable, and shared, in old age, by all who have tried in life to do their duty, though they may have failed: we all fail, try as we will.

Is it possible Edward Carpenter thinks it *natural* that when the body falls to pieces our personality disappears? I have some doubt of him as to this.

But suppose that we still live on when disembodied? Then Edward Carpenter's feeling instead of being utterly unreasonable is utterly reasonable. The decay of bodily powers marks the approach of the dissolution of the body, and the dissolution of the body marks the *escape* of personality from imprisonment in the body. While prisoners we must do our duty as prisoners; but, even while honestly working as prisoners, we have glimpses of what freedom in its glory must be for us when our term of imprisonment is over. Hence arises Edward Carpenter's curious sense of joy in approaching liberation. And the feeling is natural.

We suffer a great deal of intolerable nonsense to be talked by the young about old age. Those who have had success in bodily life and live on in old age dreaming only of their past bodily success, cannot, it must be admitted, be happy as their bodily powers fail and they find their authority over men fall away from them; past earthly work, they live on in sorrow. But the many who regard their little span of bodily life but as passing imprisonment for *human conduct*, and who can look back on their past lives as full of honest attempts to be true in conduct to God and their fellows, *love* old age and enjoy it. For the inevitable decay of the bodily organism marks the approach of the day of freedom from imprisonment and so gives—in Edward Carpenter's words—a sense of elation. And why this sense of elation? I do not know, you do not know. But we *feel* that on the expiry of our sentence we shall walk outside the walls of our prison into the freedom of a higher and fuller personality. Our conduct, then? That is in the hands of God.

The last act of the spirit on escape is an act of love. It marks the mould it is leaving with a new-come expression of nobility and peace.

Mme. Isabelle de Steiger sends us a letter with special reference to Mr. Carpenter's allusions to the Hermetic Society quoted in *LIGHT* of 22nd ult. (p. 234). In the course of her letter Mme. de Steiger says:—

I was a member of the Hermetic Society, and still have a syllabus for a course of lectures. I can remember a largish circle of people, perhaps twenty, meeting at regular intervals in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society in Albemarle-street, just opposite to the Albemarle Club, of which I was a member. I never saw Mr. Carpenter there, neither had I ever heard of him. I can remember papers being read, especially those contributed by Dr. Wynn Westcott and Mr. McGregor-Mathers. Both were authorities on the Kabala, and Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland, as everyone knows, were close students of the Kabala. I remember also other speakers.

Mr. Carpenter, who is evidently anxious that the outer world should regard him as a conspicuous figure in the world of thinkers, sustains the difficult and most inconvenient rôle of a hermit, who, although desirous of forgetting the world, yet on the whole would much object to be "by the world forgot." In consequence of this seclusion, a state apt to confuse dreams and true memories, he speaks of his former friends (if they were his friends) and describes them as being both "so inflated with heavenly conceit over their discovery [what the discovery was he does not exactly state] that they grew quite foolish and intolerable."

It is possible that in the near future the works of those two writers that Mr. Carpenter so brutally maligns may be in general demand, whereas "Love's Coming of Age," "New Democracy," &c., may recline unmolested on that very high shelf—the topmost. The world, we think, has in the future no use for shallow philosophy of the Carpenter school.

If we compare the religious teachings of the present century with those of any past one, we shall find out that the practical Spiritualistic belief taught by the Bible has to a great extent dropped out of it.—MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## THE POWERS OF THE FUTURE.

While experts may differ as to the exact nature of the force which is variously called "nerve force" or "energy," "vitality" &c., it is certain that it is very near akin to electricity. Whenever there is chemical action, electricity is generated. Inasmuch as chemical action is incessantly taking place in the living body, it follows of necessity that electricity is produced incessantly within us. So far as this electricity itself is concerned, it stands to reason that it must be precisely the same as the electricity which lights our lamps and draws our cars in the world external to our bodies; the difference consisting in variations of quantity and potential. The well-known phenomenon of the electric eel and other fishes which are able to give a true electric shock is sufficient indication of the close relationship between nerve-energy and electricity, a fact also brought out by the analogy between the peripheral nerve-ending and the electrodes of a battery. But there is something else besides ordinary electricity in the composition of nerve-energy—something still finer which links the power to the mind and will, and which can be cultivated and developed scientifically in a manner similar to that in which the athlete develops muscular power.

In one word, this is the power that super-man will train for his use as the existing type of man has trained steam and electricity for his use at the present day. This will enable him to control at will the other forces of Nature. Glimpses of this power of active will have been given occasionally in the past, and have been handed down as more or less vague traditions of miraculous and supernatural occurrences. In the Bible, Elijah stands out as a wonder-worker who could command the fire from heaven—electricity in the form of lightning. The references made by Jesus Christ to the power of faith as being able to blast a fig tree or remove a mountain are connected with the same force which we use every moment in daily life at lower intensity or potential. Concentration of will and unshaken confidence produce a more powerful action, on the principle which forms one of the most elementary formulas of the science of dynamics, that the energy of a body of constant size can be increased simply by increasing its speed, either of motion or of rotation. A bullet will not do much harm if it falls on your head from a distance of a few feet, but will tell another story if shot from a rifle. So with rotation round a given point. It is within the bounds of scientific speculation to imagine the head of a pin in a ring that you could wear on your little finger rotating with such speed that it would generate a mechanical power of several locomotive engines.

To argue, therefore, that active will-power of a living being cannot possibly produce any more results than is experienced by the ordinary person in ordinary life is equivalent to denial of one of the most fundamental principles of dynamics, as well as ignorance of the elements of physiology.

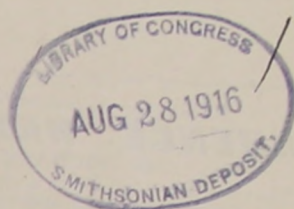
—"Meditation," by ARTHUR LOVELL.

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THE NOVELIST AND THE PALMIST.—Writing in "To-day" of the 5th inst., Mrs. Maud Churton Braby, the novelist, remarks: "I see by this morning's paper that my old friends the palmists are being attacked again, and a long list of their evil deeds is given. I have consulted crowds of them in my time (and once in my early, pearly girlhood I wrote a most touching novel called 'The Seer of Bond Street,' which no publisher would ever publish!), but I never met a genuine case yet where any real harm was done. Personally I have had a good deal of fun from them, and I know one wonderful woman who has been a real help and comfort to me and to many others. As for horoscopes, no war-economy posters should induce me to give up the delightful excitement of my yearly two-and-eightpence worth—no, not even if Mr. McKenna makes a house-to-house visitation and kneels at my feet!"



# Light:



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No. 1,857.—VOL. XXXVI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1916. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.  
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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

In the course of a discussion in a weekly paper on the subject of mediums, with special reference to the fortune-telling type of psychics or alleged psychics, a correspondent of the journal, who signs himself "Solution," writes:—

I believe that life after death is simply a series of dreams, differing in no respect from our nightly experiences, except that there is no awakening. Thus we visit our future world nightly, neither in it is there any distinction between the dead and the living. This, however, has nothing to do with Spiritualism, for no spirit can ever be called from the dream world after death, and modern Spiritualism is a fraud and a fake.

So now we know, and are disposed to lament that this oracle has not spoken before. A warning cry in the darkness might have saved us! Seriously speaking, however, there is something in "Solution's" remarks. We have great reason to believe that some persons, those of fixed ideas, severely limited by their earth experiences, remain for some time after their transition in a more or less bemused condition. Not having awakened to the realities of their new surroundings, their condition for a time is one of "dream-consciousness." That may explain suggestively some of the fantastic communications which reach us as spirit messages.

\* \* \*

We say that this somnolent condition of the earth-bound class of spirits may explain the perplexing element in certain psychic communications. As a matter of fact, we have no doubt on the point, although it must be remembered that there are other causes at work. The "dreams" of the medium occasionally play their part. Miss Dallas has related the case of a spirit communicator who complained of the difficulty of transmitting a message intelligibly—"the medium's dreams get in my way," he said. Between the difficulties of imperfect control (due to undeveloped mediumship or unfavourable conditions) and the illusions of a spirit who is only partially awakened to the facts of spirit life, there is room for a great deal of confusion and perplexity amongst those who have not thoroughly mastered the subject of spirit intercourse. But in this, as in other matters, practice makes perfect. Through many failures and misunderstandings we arrive at last at certain clear criteria whereby to judge the true value of the messages received. All the same, as the more advanced type of spirit communicators have so often told us, we shall never attain to a definite understanding of the conditions of the world beyond death and the difficulties which surround the subject of spirit intercourse until we ourselves have passed through the great change and our

minds have become polarised to the new state of being. For in its deeper aspects we apprehend the change to be one of state rather than of place.

\* \* \*

The "great possibility" alluded to in the title of Mr. E. A. Wodehouse's "A World Expectant: the Study of a Great Possibility" (Star Publishing Trust, Glasgow, 2s. 6d. net)—a work well deserving of thoughtful study—is "the near appearance among men of a great spiritual Teacher or Prophet, destined to be the guide and light-bringer to this age of difficulty, darkness and transition." The author opens his argument by very fairly stating the objection which is practically universal among members of the Christian faith:—

"What is the need," it is asked, "for the coming of such a Teacher when we are still so far from having realised the ideals which were preached two thousand years ago? Nay, what need can there ever be, seeing that the teaching of our Lord represents an unattainable summit of perfection?"

This objection would, Mr. Wodehouse thinks, be sound enough on a certain very definite condition. If, when once a goal had been clearly foreseen, human life were simply a steady and undeviating advance in pursuit of it, then possibly once to have learnt the truth might be all that mankind required. But human life and human nature are unfortunately neither so simple nor so amenable to rule. The "straight line" theory of progress will not work: there are too many disturbing factors in the way. There is the fact of change ("the riddle of life has continually to be read anew"); there are the limitations of human nature itself; there is the growth of knowledge. Each of these, Mr. Wodehouse contends, "is capable under certain circumstances of creating what may be called a 'spiritual impasse'—of rendering impotent, so far as their motive and guiding force is concerned, our past revelations of Spiritual Truth. . . . In a word, the spiritual need of humanity is a recurrent need, and arises out of the nature of man and of life."

\* \* \*

From the foregoing premises Mr. Wodehouse concludes that—

If the world is still to grow and change, if new problems and new acquisitions of knowledge await it, if the future holds in store for it new civilisations and orderings of life yet unborn, then it would follow that mankind has not seen the last of its great Teachers, but that these supreme vindications of the link between God and man are still to be expected, whenever the appointed hour strikes, in the ages which lie before us.

In his view there are not wanting indications that such an hour is approaching. He sees them in the New Vitalism, and in the movement towards unity which is apparent in religions, in nations, and in classes—all signs of a great transition, the passing of the old civilisation and the dawning in its place of a new and better civilisation, a civilisation of brotherhood, essentially spiritual because informed throughout and vitalised by a spiritual



idea. The author is to be congratulated as well on the calm and dispassionate manner as on the care and fulness with which he sets out his case. We would add a word of high appreciation of the two noble sonnets attached to the work, one at the beginning and the other at the close.

#### A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF AUGUST 14TH, 1886.)

SPIRIT TUITION INSUFFICIENT.—It may be said by some that all education or instruction of mediums may be safely left to *spirits*, who are best competent to attend to such matters. It is sufficient in reply to point to the existing state of things . . . The tuition of spirits plainly has not availed to avert great mistakes and fearful disasters, either from their ignorance or inexperience (spirits should not be expected to know everything on these matters, at least until experience has been gained), or from their inability to restrain headstrong mediums and guide them in wiser ways. It is desirable, then, to supplement their teachings and silent influence by bringing to bear as forcibly as possible the lessons of human experience in the hope that both together may be effective in inducing the desired result. And one of these lessons is the peril of over-exercise of the psychic powers; another is the disaster which sooner or later follows their perversion to any base or unworthy end.

From a correspondent we learn that a Spiritualist Society has just been formed at Christiania, Norway.

The Rev. Ward Beecher, who is now on a visit to this country, recently declared to a New York reporter that his investigations into Spiritualism had convinced him that there was more in the subject than was commonly supposed; and Professor Kiddle, in a letter to the New York "World," writes that Mr. Beecher "appeared to be impressed very deeply by the phenomena" he had seen at a séance for form manifestation.

#### DIVINELY SIMPLE.

If we follow the simple gospel statements with the intelligent grasp upon which Jesus insisted so much we find that the "inspired revelations" refer to the most simple facts of everyday life—things that every man and woman believe they know so much about that they do not require to be taught anything more. The main theme of the doctrine of Jesus Christ is: Superiority of the Inner Life of Thought, Intelligence, Meditation, Concentration over the surface life of blind and unthinking adherence to the letter of custom and tradition, which results in worship of the outer form instead of the inner reality or reason which has produced it. Still more briefly, dominion of Thought, Mind, Spirit, and Health over stupidity, ignorance, matter and disease.

That is the key to all the mysteries of the doctrine which Jesus preached and practised.

With this key in his possession, the reader can understand and appreciate the biting sarcasm, the irony and the scorn with which Jesus denounced the Pharisees and Scribes—the sticklers for rigid formalism and meaningless customs, the men who lay upon the shoulders of each generation burdens heavy and grievous to be borne, without making an effort to improve, much less to understand the inner meaning of the forms, rituals, dogmas and ceremonies which have no value whatever apart from the use made of them by the individual thinker.

So clearly is this brought out in the Gospel accounts that it is absolutely amazing how any reader could mistake the meaning for an instant. It is only when one understands the psychological influence of one mind over another, both individually and collectively, that it becomes possible to explain the glamour of theological commentaries and ecclesiastical dogmatic opinion in preventing the plain meaning from being immediately revealed.

—"Meditation," by ARTHUR LOVELL.

#### DR. HYSLOP ON HUMAN IMMORTALITY AND THE "WORLD-SOUL" THEORY.

In the July number of the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research, Dr. Hyslop, in the course of a vigorous and appreciative review of Anna Hude's book, "The Evidence for Communication with the Dead" (which he regards as one of the best, if not the best, that has appeared on the subject), thus delivers himself on the theory of a world-soul and its bearing on the question of human immortality:—

We have no special criticisms of importance to make on the book. A few things may be mentioned only by way of elucidating some things which Mrs. Hude seems to have taken as hypotheses opposed to the idea of communicating with the dead, but which, to the present reviewer, are quite identical with it. On p. 16 she says: "Hartmann has made his argument against Spiritism famous by connecting it with his doctrine of a world-soul, or central mind, in which all individual minds have their root. Through it they can get into communication with each other as over the telephone—a simile he has no hesitation in using—and from it they can draw not only the particulars of the present state in distant places, but also the particulars of future events. For in the central or absolute mind the threads of all causal series meet in one single all-seeing; its omniscience embraces implicitly in the present world-state the future as well as the past."

There are several things here. (1) The idea of a world-soul: (2) The idea that we are parts of it: (3) That it embraces all knowledge past and future, and (4) that these events are present in one act of "omniscience."

The first two of these are but a statement of the pantheistic conception of the universe, and Hartmann, with all others since Spinoza, refers to this triumphantly as incompatible with survival after death or the existence of spirits. The consequence is that the moment the idea is mentioned everybody takes fright at it and supposes that it contradicts the idea of survival. The illusion is fit only for children. People suppose that if you do not use the word "spirit" you do not believe in the facts which survival means. If you say "world-soul" and make us a part of it, they suppose we do not exist after death, though making us a part of this "immortal world-soul," of which we are now also a part! They try to attach materialistic implications to a theory which is itself distinctly opposed to materialism. If this world-soul takes me up into its embrace now it only does the same after my death. If my personal consciousness is a part or stream in the absolute "world-soul," it is, or can be, the same hereafter, personal identity and all. It is merely a matter of evidence, not an inference from an *a priori* assumption which was made by men who never studied evidence at all. Spinoza did not deny immortality. He affirmed it. True, he said there was no "personal" immortality and that God was not "personal." But this does not affect the question, because we assume readily that we are using the same conception of "personality" which he was denying when, in fact, this is not the case. He affirmed emphatically that God was *thought*, or that thought was one of the essential attributes of God, and that the rational part of man was immortal. Why, then, did he deny "personal" survival? Simply because, starting with the Cartesian view that "personality" or the soul was not extended, he denied the Pauline conception of the soul which made it a spiritual body and so [gave it] extension. He affirmed the continuance of the personal *stream* of consciousness, only he did not call this "personal" or a "person." In fact, most of the theologians of the prior period conceived conscious personality or intelligence as a stream, and not a thing or "person," so that their conception of God was that of a spiritual being, some thought extended, some thought unextended, and the intelligence or "personality" was itself not extended but a stream of functional activity in this absolute or God. Now make man a part of this and you guarantee his immortality as a necessity, so that your world-soul only proves the theory, if your assumptions are to be trusted. The feeling that it is opposed to the Spiritistic theory is only taking the phrases of past men uncritically and assuming that their denial of a certain thing by that language goes along with the same terms to-day when our conceptions have changed. No one but an absolute ignoramus, which I regard Hartmann to be, would ever refer to the world-soul as negating survival. Fechner saw that and maintained survival on that very basis. Professor James wrote an Introduction to the little book of Fechner's, which was translated and which presented this view, but Professor James never caught the force of the idea because he repeated the "reservoir" theory as opposed to the idea of spirits, though Dr. Hodgson, in his Report ("Proceedings," English S.P.R., Vol. XIII., p. 396), definitely accepts the idea that a "large con-



consciousness" may be at the basis of all the phenomena, but that he prefers to call it another world, just to make people see that there is no difference between their real conceptions and those practically implied by the pantheist's way of stating it. There is only one way to escape the possibility of survival, and that is to adopt the *atomic*, not the pantheistic doctrine. By putting atoms at the basis of things and regarding them as excluding consciousness from their nature, you may try to maintain that the consciousness we know is a functional effect of their composition, and when their union is dissolved the consciousness disappears. That is perfectly rational and conceivable. But a man who fools himself and others with the idea that a monistic philosophy or pantheism is necessarily opposed to the Spiritistic theory knows neither philosophy nor logic.

Now to prove this, just let us take another statement representing Hartmann's views. Mrs. Hude, referring to him, says: "Against one thing only he protests—explaining them [the facts] by spirits. That would not be to solve the problem, but to push it one step back and leave it there just as unsolved as before. For, he asks, why should the discarnate any more than the living be able to look into the future?"

This after telling us a little before that human people could read the whole secret of the universe on the "world-soul" theory! Then he implies that living people cannot foresee, and on that ground asserts that the discarnate cannot do it. Now some of our scientific men—Herbert Spencer, for instance—say that one of the essential features of any real science is prevision; that is, prediction of events, and we actually do it on a large scale where we know the laws of phenomena. There would be nothing to hinder spirits from doing it on a large scale, if they have wider knowledge than we have. As for this "world-soul" with its omniscience of all events, past, present and future, that may be true, but it does not solve any problems whatever for us, unless we have first solved them in the finite. To assume or assert that we cannot solve finite mental states and then simply set up infinite ones about which we know less or nothing at all, is not solving problems, but only using terms which mystify and silence us, because we know nothing about what an infinite consciousness can or cannot do. The "infinite consciousness" has no meaning at all, unless we know what consciousness is to us, the finite, and it is no help in the solution to qualify it by infinite, when it is the consciousness and not the finitude or infinitude that has to be explained. Most of these philosophers who parade about as so learned are quite as subject to illusions and fallacies as the unlearned. They only happen to be freer from them in certain simple matters, and then from feeling that they know more than the "plebs" suddenly take megalomania and set up as authorities in matters which they do not analyse at all.

Mrs. Hude innocently states these views of Hartmann, assuming, perhaps, that they are not to be questioned. But I give fair notice to all such philosophic minds that I shall attack them with the same unmitigated ferocity which I have displayed here, not because there is any indignation behind it, but because I mean to serve notice that I shall challenge the quiet assumption of such views at every chance I get. There is no excuse for them among intelligent men. The contradiction between them and the survival of personality does not exist. On the contrary, the view can be made to support it as a logical and necessary conclusion, unless men will identify monistic and pluralistic conceptions of the cosmos.

THE LARGER SPEECH.—Where speech ceases there music begins. I am one of the few poets who hold this opinion. Nearly all stop short with speech, incapable of even conceiving the existence of an instrument whose range surpasses their own. But I, notwithstanding my passionate love of language, as such, of each and every language in which poets have sung, and philosophers thought, and although some mere words have so powerful an attraction for me that I linger on them, as it were, with a caressing touch—in spite of all this, I yet feel that there are limits set to speech, barriers that it cannot pass, whilst music, untrammelled and unchecked, spreads itself out triumphantly in all directions, attaining to heights and depths which are, as far as the perceptions of the human ear are concerned, boundless and infinite. Music lends expression to that for which speech has no words; it shapes its course by paths along which speech is powerless to follow; it raises on its strong pinions the weary soul, whose utter lassitude can no longer find place for thought, much less than pay heed to the spoken word. There is, perhaps, no loftier mood than this, in which all thought comes to a standstill, in which the active, hard-worked brain is forced to rest at last, leaving the soul, no longer hampered by its earthly mechanism, free to soar alone.—CARMEN SILVA ("Nineteenth Century").

## "NEW THOUGHT" IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The above is a not inappropriate title for the account of Brother Lawrence, a Carmelite Friar whose religious conversion took place at Paris in 1666. Professor James tells the story in his "Talks to Students," when discussing the cultivation of a peaceful mind. He gives the title of the book in which he read the narrative as "The Practice of the Presence of God, the Best Ruler of a Holy Life, by Brother Lawrence, being Conversations and Letters of Nicholas Herman of Lorraine, Translated from the French." And Brother Lawrence's experiences are thus set forth:—

He said that he had been footman to M. Fieubert, the Treasurer, and that he was a great awkward fellow who broke everything. That he had desired to be received into a monastery, thinking that he would there be made to smart for his awkwardness and the faults he should commit, and so he should sacrifice to God his life, with its pleasures; but that God had disappointed him, he having met with nothing but satisfaction in that state. . . .

That he had long been troubled in mind from a certain belief that he should be damned; that all the men in the world could not have persuaded him to the contrary, but that he had thus reasoned with himself about it: "I engaged in a religious life only for the love of God, and I have endeavoured to act only for Him: whatever becomes of me, whether I be lost or saved, I will always continue to act purely for the love of God. I shall have this good at least, that till death I shall have done all that is in me to love Him." . . . That since then he had passed his life in perfect liberty and continual joy.

That when an occasion of practising some virtue offered, he addressed himself to God, saying, "Lord, I cannot do this unless Thou enablest me"; and that then he received strength more than sufficient. That, when he had failed in his duty, he only confessed his fault, saying to God, "I shall never do otherwise, if You leave me to myself; it is You who must hinder my failing, and mend what is amiss." That after that he gave himself no further uneasiness about it.

That he had been lately sent in to Burgundy to buy the provision of wine for the society, which was a very unwelcome task for him, because he had no turn for business, and because he was lame, and could not go about the boat but by rolling himself over the casks. That, however, he gave himself no uneasiness about it, nor about the purchase of wine. That he said to God, "It was His business he was about," and that he afterward found it well performed. That he had been sent to Auvergne the year before upon the same account; that he could not tell how the matter passed, but that it proved very well.

So, likewise, in his business in the kitchen (to which he had naturally a great aversion), having accustomed himself to do everything there for the love of God, and with prayer upon all occasions, for His grace to do his work well, he had found everything easy during fifteen years that he had been employed there.

That he was very well pleased with the post he was now in, but that he was ready to quit that as the former, since he was always pleasing himself in every condition, by doing little things for the love of God.

That the goodness of God assured him He would not forsake him utterly, and that He would give him strength to bear whatever evil He permitted to happen to him; and, therefore, that he feared nothing, and had no occasion to consult with anybody about his state. That, when he had attempted to do it, he had always come away more perplexed.

Commenting on the story, Professor James remarks: "The simple-heartedness of the good Brother Lawrence, and the relaxation of all unnecessary solicitudes and anxieties in him is a refreshing spectacle."

TRUE music which is art is of a sonorous order, determined by the demand of the ear, and not the intellect—the latter is talent-music. Surely in *true* music the notes are relations. They are not lines, but sines, cosines, &c. Music is essentially a flowing process, a becoming.—E. P. PRENTICE.

We congratulate the "Two Worlds" on the fact that the Ambulance Fund effort, initiated by Mr. W. H. Evans, and so, zealously taken up by the editor, Mr. J. J. Morse, has closed in the purchase of a sixth car, of which an illustration is given in the issue for the 4th inst. All the cars are on active service with the British forces in the field. Two of them are reported to have been seen in France and one in Egypt.



OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 1916.

## Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of *LIGHT*, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of *LIGHT*, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—*LIGHT* may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and *LIGHT* can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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## SUPERNORMAL BUT NOT SUPERFLUOUS.

In his article on "Tolerance: the Larger View," in last week's issue (p. 255), the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould remarked that "to many Spiritualism is a pot of poison with a good deal of frothy fraud on the top; to others it is medicine, for the need of which the world of our day is dying," and, he added, "the exasperating thing is that the patient, deplorably sick though he is, can be persuaded to take so little of it." But the demand is growing, and when the patient finds all the other medicines of no avail, he will assuredly be driven to try the remedy—a true catholicon, albeit presented at times in very varied forms, ranging from what one critic described as "morbid domesticity" to a cold and dry preparation known as scientific psychical research. That golden mean between the two, where the impulses of the affections are nicely balanced by the restraints of the reason, is not lacking, although it is not always conspicuously in evidence, and the need for tolerance, as Mr. Fielding-Ould pointed out, is very evident. We see this all the time where something in Spiritualism which is particularly nauseous to some is to others a source of inestimable comfort. One class of students browses eagerly on the scientific and intellectual elements of the subject, while another as ardently refreshes itself with matters that relate to the domestic loves, the religious aspirations, and generally the occult and mystical side of life. We could hardly have it otherwise. Humanity is as multiform as it is vast, and Spiritualism can have no message that is not, in some one of its myriad forms, a message for each individual soul.

We dealt lately with a book by the celebrated Dr. Quackenbos, "Body and Spirit," in which the learned author found abundant evidence of the soul and its immortality in a study of the psychology of the human being incarnate, but flatly refused to admit any possibility of obtaining communications from humanity disincarnate. He wanted no evidences "from without," finding sufficient proof, apart from these, that spiritual existence was independent of a physical organism, and that "personality can and does survive the shock of death." We received this conclusion, even with the doctor's derisive reference to the "vapourings of Spiritism," without discontent, nay, with a certain satisfaction. It is well to know that our case is so strong that it can be proved without calling on all the witnesses! Nevertheless, Dr. Quackenbos should be reminded

that there are some minds that all his facts and reasoning would fail to touch until they were supplemented by those evidences which belong to Spiritualism in its narrower sense. Not long ago no less an authority than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, speaking, doubtless, as a medical man rather than as an author, observed in our pages that outside of the facts of psychic science he knew of no evidence for human survival. The fact is eloquent of the differences of outlook. What to one man is proof palpable is to another mere foolishness. Fortunately Spiritualism is wide enough to cover all the differences and weld into a concrete whole the testimony of the intuitions and the findings of the unaided intellect with its array of objective facts.

Lately we have received another illustration of that diversity of outlook to which we have referred. It is a small book, "The Adventure of Death," by Robert W. Mackenna, M.A., M.D. (John Murray, 3s. 6d. *net*). Here is a work which sets out to prove that there is no death, that the spirit goes on beyond the dissolution of the body, written, as Mr. John Murray in his Preface to the volume tells us, in a "reverent and confident spirit," and yet by an author who "will not base any conclusion as to the survival of personality upon the so-called results of psychical research." Such evidences as he has received from this direction have left him unconvinced. His small acquaintance with the subject which he so cavalierly dismisses may be judged from his allusions to "so-called messages" which "amount to little more than vague and incoherent babblings." It is much as if a man should base his views of the literature of a country on a study of its children's essays and nursery books. But Dr. Mackenna's opinion of the "so-called results of psychical research," being manifestly of no consequence, may be allowed to pass, and we may turn to compliment him on his admirable study of death, its meaning, and the possibilities to which it points the philosophic mind, even when unaided by the demonstrations and evidences provided by the experiments and the literature of Spiritualism and psychic research. He marshals all the evidences of everyday life and the natural world, and these are far more eloquent than the casual observer supposes. The book has a fine flavour of literature, and its ideas may even gain in conciseness and force by the very exclusion of arguments drawn from the supernormal, for Spiritualism is a vast subject, and in some of its aspects stands in need of the moulding and shaping influences of generations of thinkers to bring it into an easily assimilable form. Not having yet taken literary, artistic or conventional shapes, it is apt to over-balance and overflow the smaller moulds of thought. Even so Dr. Mackenna's thinking has led him to such conclusions as this:—

All life is a probation, and beyond the barrier of death I am confident there awaits us a world as wonderful and as little dreamed of as that which awaits the unborn child beyond the gate of birth.

The book is one which will help to pave the way for many who are coming in our direction, and even those who are with us, while they will stand in no need of such reinforcement of their convictions as it affords, will find it pleasant and profitable reading, especially as regards those passages which deal with the general absence of pain and fear which attends the process of dying, whether on the sick bed or the battlefield. In the meanwhile, it may be observed that in the now greatly accelerated course of human evolution, the supernormal will ere long come into line with the normal in human experience, and the supercilious attitude occasionally adopted towards it at the present time will then have to be changed.



## SOME THOUGHTS ON RHYTHM IN NATURE.

By S. M.

How many people have considered to what a very great extent the principle of rhythm extends through Nature? It seems to be the fundamental working principle of all phenomena, from the motion of the universe—and who shall say not of the Cosmos itself?—down to the war-dance of the atoms and molecules; and perhaps beyond even this. It seems to be a property common to both living and lifeless matter, so closely are all things interlinked.

Rhythm! A short word to mean all this! And what is it? Rhythm is cyclic change; that is to say, something starts at some point, state or condition, goes through a series of motions, states, conditions, or whatever we like to call them, and finally gets back to where it started—the series is then repeated indefinitely, each repetition being a replica of the first, each a counterpart or facsimile of the other, just as each beat of a working engine is a copy of all those preceding it.

Let us start at the middle of the scale and think first neither of the infinitely large nor of the infinitely small, but of things somewhat of our own scale of magnitude.

We see a wheel revolving, and let us fix our attention on a small part of the rim. It is at first at the top of the wheel, then, continuing its motion, it is, let us imagine, at the right-hand side of a horizontal line through the axis; next it is at the bottom and passing through the left-hand horizontal position, it finally attains the top—the point at which it first started. This is one cycle. It then goes through the same series of positions again and again as long as the wheel is running.

Well, what is there in this? Anyone knows it; it is all very simple. But like all simple things it is fundamental; it is rhythmic.

Taking another look round, where do we find further evidence of this wonderful rhythm?

Let us look at our own bodies and watch the working of the heart—a regular beat, beat, beat, with valves opening and shutting and blood pumping steadily through—all regular and rhythmic—the beat of a fly's wing, the vibration of a tuning-fork, piano string, or organ pipe, even the movements of our own legs when running or walking, the motion of the earth round the sun, round its axis, in turn affecting our personal habits, for do we not eat, work, play and sleep, and then start again, each day being a complete cycle, the result of the earth's motion on its axis?

Now let us go down to the very minute forms and watch the atoms and molecules.

A body gets warmer and warmer; in what way does the body differ from its previous cold condition? Only that the molecules are vibrating faster. As long as there is heat in a body, so do its molecules rhythmically beat; the higher the temperature, the faster they beat. At absolute zero there is no motion, and all is still. Raise the temperature, and the body liquefies, perhaps; the motions of the molecules become so violent that they fly apart and take up new relations; higher still we get into the gaseous condition, and beyond this we wonder whether there is a super-gaseous condition—possibly the lowest and densest forms of spirit matter. All the way through the different states are merely due to a different degree of rhythm.

We see it also in Mendeleeff's Periodic Law of the Elements. What more is there to be found in this wonderful property of matter? Well, wherein does living matter differ from dead? Now, does it not seem that non-living matter goes round and round in cycles and always gets back to exactly the same point; whereas living matter returns to the point from which it started—but *higher up*. It is the difference between a circle and a spiral—life is the force which opens out the spiral; the circle is a two-dimensional object, while the spiral is three-dimensional.

And so whichever way we look we find this all-pervading rhythm. It is in the mental (or spiritual?) as well as in the physical world, for is not the beauty of poetry and of music

conveyed by their rhythm? Well-running machinery is also music to those who can appreciate it. So we see that while rhythm is in itself essentially a very simple thing, yet it can be varied to such an extent as to appear on the surface wonderfully complex. One of the most astonishing things in Nature is the paradoxical blending of simplicity and complexity. But, after all, why paradoxical, for is not complexity only a collection of simplicities? And so to understand the complex with our finite minds we have to divide it up into a number of simple compartments and study each, one at a time. It is as if we could not at once understand the meaning of a sentence, but were obliged to study each word by itself, laboriously work out the individual meanings and then with much thought and effort try to get a glimpse of the meaning of the sentence. Perchance in the distant future, when we have all attained to a higher plane of evolution, we shall begin to catch a fleeting glimpse of the meaning of the sentence of the Universe, the reason of all things, and in time let us hope that the thought conveyed will become less and less unintelligible to our even then limited minds.

But to descend again: it is not enough to merely notice this extending presence of rhythm. We should try to make use of the knowledge it gives. We cannot appreciate music unless the tympanum of the ear is capable of vibrating in tune with the pipes or the strings of the instrument to which we are listening. Similarly, we cannot appreciate beautiful scenery unless the retina of the eye is sensitive to light waves. It is true we may have eyes and see not owing to lack of sympathy with the scene beheld—we may not appreciate what we are looking at—but, on the other hand, whatever faculty of appreciation we may possess, we cannot sense a scene if we have not the physical means of detecting its influence on us. The visual perception is the physical part and the appreciation the spiritual part; the two together make up the ability to appreciate something external to ourselves. Hence it is of no use cultivating only our spiritual, or only our material, natures; each in this world is a complement of the other, and to live a full life each must receive its due share of education. It is only another case of moderation in all things; if we are too spiritual, we cannot live a useful life here, and if we are too materialistic we shall certainly live a harmful one.

It is just rhythm, then, which chiefly gives us the means of looking to the material side of things, and it is sympathy which is the mechanism of the spiritual. By being "in tune" with another person we are able to think thoughts similar to his and appreciate his feelings, and this is sympathy. So it seems that sympathy is rhythm on a higher plane. Hence a realisation of all that rhythm means is a helpful guide to the living of a happy and useful life both in this world and doubtless also in the world to come.

### THE POWER OF SILENCE.

Taking a backward glance at the practice of Silence by Christians, non-Christians and pre-Christians, it is possible to distinguish the methods and motives of wordless prayer into many different classes and to notice in what ways Orientals differ from Occidentals. Indian yogis make a very penetrating attack upon the subconscious will by means of various kinds of asceticism before attempting the higher phases of meditation. The Greek Neo-platonists excel in beauty of intellectual concept, while the Buddhist monks "keep awake, strenuous, mindful," following with unwearied gaze the actual flow of things. Christian prayer of Silence is characterised by that element of Faith which is indeed the feature of true Christian Life. We see its growth through the systems of the middle ages to the utter abandonment of the Quietists of the seventeenth century—Molinos, Malaval and de Guyon. If we were to attempt to indicate a further evolution of prayer it would be to say that the silent Quakers' Meeting does not exclude the practice of solitary silence; rather, the one may be so used to prepare for the other that each becomes a meeting-place of Self, Friend and God. Silent worship is no mere refuge from the noisy, violent world; it is the doorway of admission to the Inner World of Reality; likewise also it is the doorway through which come to us the power and order of the Spirit, if we will but open it. If ever there was needed a passing to and fro it is in this present time of war.—The "Ploughshare."



## THE PROPHETS AND THE WAR.

PREDICTIONS IN PROCESS OF TESTING.

By N. G. S.

When the furious onslaught of the Hun was stayed and Von Kluck turned at the Marne, the dark shadow began to lift. "Courage, faithful souls!" says the prophecy of Mayence, "the reign of the dark shadow shall not have time to execute all its schemes." The prophet of Mayence may shake hands with St. Bobola, of whom we were reminded the other day, for the horizon is brightening fast.

This expression, "the dark shadow," is suggestive of powerful and malignant influences on the other side of the screen, but it is quite permissible to believe, if one wishes, in the activity of influences still more powerful, but beneficent. Mr. Belloc has put forward this idea as a possible explanation of Von Kluck's disastrous strategy, and we may call upon it to account for the equally disastrous adventure of Verdun and Austria's attempted invasion of Italy. We may see its working in the visions that accompanied the retreat from Mons; and taking a wider view, we may see it in the war as a whole. No event in history has been more full of promise for a future of good wrested from evil. It would almost seem to have been designed by the Powers above as the quickest and surest means of solving some difficult problems. If we can credit them with the employment of such strong medicine, we can also credit the enemy with a truthfulness beyond their nature and habit, when they repeat their parrot cry, "It was forced upon us."

Brother Johannes, it will be remembered (assuming his genuineness), favours the supernatural character of the war. "It will be made manifest," he says, "that it is no human conflict," and he promises an era of peace and prosperity and national freedom to follow from the defeat of "Antichrist." His prophecy has been fulfilled with such wonderful accuracy in its earlier portions that it seems worth while at this time to recall those parts that refer to events still to come. In substance they amount to this:—

At some period after Germany's initial success the tide will change. Russia will fall upon the Central Powers and over-run them from east to west, while France takes the opportunity, provided by this attack, of invading Germany in turn. The enemy, seeing himself lost, will grow furious and the fighting become fiercer than ever, famine and epidemics adding to the slaughter of the guns. He will sue for peace many times, but the terms are too hard and the war will continue until he is destroyed.

Without endorsing the view that the Kaiser is Antichrist, we can see the working out of these predictions beginning now; and that may encourage us to listen with respect to what Johannes has to say further. The Kaiser is threatened with madness, and his empire with disruption into twenty-two states, which will be forbidden to arm. Russia is to have Constantinople. Johannes agrees with others in locating the last annihilating struggle in the Essen district.

There has been no lack of prophets to herald the greatest war of all time or to follow in its wake. M. Maeterlinck has counted no fewer than eighty-three. He has tapped them all and found them ring empty and hollow. (I have not heard that anyone has tapped M. Maeterlinck.) But although it is true that there have been very grievous casualties among this band of prophets—especially among those who have come upon the stage since the war began—it is foolish to say, as Maeterlinck does, that the tragedy was not foreseen. It was abundantly foreseen by seers early and late, and the outcome foretold with a truly remarkable unanimity. Not even in Germany herself have the prophets held out hope of anything but irreparable defeat.

By selecting what seem the most reputable of these "guesses at truth," we can build up a sort of composite picture of the future, which those who live will be able to test. In one case a life of some length will be required, for Sepharial fore-shadows the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon race for sixteen hundred years. A glorious destiny for England is certainly an important part of the picture. France recovers Alsace-Lorraine

with something added. The Polish fragments are to be united and the Kingdom re-constituted. The Turk retires from Europe, and Constantinople is variously assigned to Russia, to Greece ("when a Constantine weds a Sophia," as he has), and to France. There is dramatic promise in this change of ownership. Other territorial shiftings are in the scheme, and there is a very general expectation of a coming influx of spiritual force. Five years of severe judgments are, or were, in store for Europe, according to Joanna Southcott. Tolstoy's vision of a new Napoleon holding the Continent in his power for ten years seems less likely to be fulfilled; but even he promised an ethical era to follow. Religion, it appears, is in the melting-pot. "Joan of Arc" says mediums will be raised up to proclaim the truth.

Several prophets have foreseen a revolution in Germany—more terrible far, according to one, than the French. The Kaiser and the Crown Prince may look for violent deaths, as is fitting. But our more immediate concern is the course of the war itself. The Curé d'Ars has told us that the enemy in France will have his communications severed and very few will escape. Will victory, as another prophet thinks, be hastened by an attack on Germany by Denmark, with the help of English troops landed in that country? Will Holland abandon her neutrality? Will Swiss and Spanish troops fight on our side? Will a Japanese army enter the fray? All this has been foretold, and we may believe what we like. But one thing is certain: there is still a devil in Germany to be exorcised, and much water must flow under the bridges—but not water only—before the prophets can be finally judged.

## LORD KITCHENER: A PROPHECY AND AN OMEN.

Amongst the items of special interest in the current issue of the "Strand Magazine" (which include the story of the battle of the Aisne by Sir A. Conan Doyle) is a remarkable article, "What I read in Lord Kitchener's Hand," by "Cheiro" (Count Hamon). "Cheiro" describes his meeting with Lord Kitchener in July, 1894, and his prediction that the Major-General, as he then was, would in his sixty-fourth year (1914) undertake the greatest and heaviest of all his tasks. The article is illustrated with an autographed impression of Lord Kitchener's hand, and also with the picture of a broken shield emblazoned with the royal arms, concerning which "Cheiro" tells in the magazine the following strange story:—

The occurrence I am about to relate does not depend on myself for its testimony, for I have shown to the Editor of this magazine the written testimony and confirmation of the two persons who were present.

Exactly at eight o'clock on Monday evening, June 5th, the hour when the disaster to the "Hampshire" happened, I was sitting in a large music-room in my house in the country with two friends, when, during a pause in general conversation about the war, we were startled by a crash of something falling in the north end of the room. Going to the place where the noise was heard, we saw a large oak shield on which the arms of Britain were painted lying on the floor, broken into two halves.

Picking it up, I noticed that the shield had broken through the part representative of England and Ireland, and showing it to my friends, I could not help saying, "This is evidently an omen that some terrible blow has at this moment been dealt at England. I feel that some naval disaster has taken place in which Ireland is in some way concerned"; but how little did we think that at that very moment an illustrious Irishman, Lord Kitchener, was standing on the quarter-deck of the "Hampshire" facing his death in a tempest at sea!

The article throws light on a remark said to have been addressed by Lord Kitchener to Commandant de Balancourt at Dunkirk in the spring of the present year. In conversation with the Commandant, Lord Kitchener mentioned that while at the front a "Jack Johnson" had fallen near him, but he added that he had felt no alarm because he knew he should die at sea. "Cheiro" states that in his interview in 1894 he predicted that Lord Kitchener's earthly life would be ended at about the age of sixty-six by water—"most likely caused by storm at sea," a forecast which Lord Kitchener said had greatly impressed him, as from his earliest recollection he had always had a queer feeling that water would be his greatest danger.



## THE CHURCH AND MODERN MIRACLES.

The Anglican Church has failed dismally to keep before people the teaching of the Church in regard to angels and angelic intervention in the affairs of men. Soldiers tell their stories of angels and a few bishops cackle, but not one of them dares to speak of the fuller belief of the Church in angels and the soul-inspiring mystery of the Communion of Saints, the inter-relationship between those on the earth-plane and those who have passed to the higher life. The hard-working priest in the slums fearlessly proclaims this one sacrament of life with the Divine Life, his belief in angels and their help, in saints and their prayers, and because he believes he is able to work under conditions which make life for a cultured man almost intolerable. But he works, thankful to be left alone by his bishop; for war has declared a close time for ritualistic curates. But the soldier whose patriotism he has nurtured writes home to him telling frankly his experiences, his dreams, his visions. I have seen many of these letters. The writers are not liars, nor are they hysterical subjects, but fine specimens of healthy manhood. Here and there a dissenting divine has raised his voice to declare there may be something in these stories of angels, but the dissenting pulpit is under the despotism of the pew, and the cry of "Rome" is enough. "Honest doubt" is always sure of a sympathetic audience; "honest belief" is greeted with the cry of "Superstition!" or the cuckoo cry of "Popery!"

A soldier sees something supernatural. Someone says "I know a hundred or a thousand soldiers who did not see it." A man may witness a murder. His evidence is accepted in the law courts. They do not call the hundred thousand people who did not see it in proof that no murder was perpetrated. Few people know the fundamental principles of evidence. More people misuse it.

From "War and the Weird," by ALEX. FORBES PHILLIPS.

## ST. PAUL AND THE DOCTRINE OF THE FALL.

Miss E. Stephenson (Oxford), referring to the book on the "J" stories in Genesis, by the Rev. Eric S. Robertson, dealt with in "Notes by the Way" last week, writes as follows:—

May I refer Mr. Robertson to the excellent work of Miss Charlotte Woods, "The Gospel of Rightness," in which she explains the Pauline doctrine of the Fall, the "Old man" and the "New man"? Herself a Greek scholar, Miss Woods expounds the meanings of words which, from the paucity of the English tongue, have been imperfectly rendered by the A. V. I can only hope in this letter to stimulate some persons to read the whole of this book, and therefore quote a few passages:—

"Speaking briefly and generally, the subject-matter of St. Paul is man in two elemental states of being, each of which is subject to its own conditions and is governed by its own laws. . . . For St. Paul, Creation in its double aspect was the history of the evolution of the race from Adam, the fleshly man, to Christ, the spiritual man. We have, therefore, to regard the 'Old man' and the 'New' as factors in a mighty evolutionary process: as great elemental contraries, mutually opposed, yet mutually related, each necessary to the other, and to the balance of the Perfect man, who is their tertium, or principle of unity. . . . Now the term 'Old man' seems to suggest the developmental idea that we are in need of. It connotes an element in human nature properly the remnant of a day and an evolution long since passed away, which is evil because it is obsolete. Παλαιὸς ἄνθρωπος, the ancient man, is commonly interpreted as though it were πρότερος ἄνθρωπος, the former man. But the Greek gives no sanction in this respect. Παλαιός is ancient, and in a bad sense obsolete; it refers not to time that is indefinitely past, as does πρότερος, but to time which is very old indeed, and to things archaic and outworn. . . . The Obsolete man, in short, is the man of form or matter, the centre of forces which hold the spirit in the sphere of material life. His pull is entirely centrifugal, his path the downward curve that marks the involution of life in forms of ever-increasing density. How many ages have gone to his making who can say, nor through what strange mutations of animal form he has passed on his way to the present? Of his great function in evolution, however, we are assured when we reflect that the Obsolete man has given the spirit a basis for its operations in a physical universe."

## A DANGER SIGNAL: SIR OLIVER LODGE'S ADVICE TO PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTERS.

Sir Oliver Lodge has issued privately to a few friends the following cautionary message much needed where the supernatural side of things is the subject of rash experimentation. (Under the heading "A Generation Ago" elsewhere in this issue it will be seen that a similar monition was given in *LIGHT* of that time):—

It is necessary to utter a word of warning to those who find that they possess any unusual power in the psychic direction. Every power can be abused, and even the simple power of automatic writing can with the best intentions be used to excess, with resultant harm to body and mind. Self-control is more important than any other form of control, and whoever possesses the power of receiving communications in any form should see to it that he remains master of the situation. To give up your own judgment and depend solely on adventitious aid is a grave blunder, and may in the long run have disastrous consequences. Moderation and common sense are required in those who try to utilise powers which neither they nor any fully understand. Weak-minded and unbalanced and idle people should not attempt anything of the kind. Even those not so classifiable may go too far. A dominating wholesome occupation in mundane affairs is the cure for ill effects thus engendered. The more unusual or unrecognised the power which an individual feels himself to possess, the more strongly should he see to it that he does not overstep the border of sanity and by weakening his own mental grasp cease to be master of himself. A power, to be useful, must be used in moderation and in accordance with the dictates of common sense.

## A SEANCE AND AN APPARITION.

In the current issue of the "Cornhill Magazine" appears a posthumous article on coincidences, by the late Sir Laurence Gomme, so long Clerk to the London County Council, in which he relates the following curious experience:—

After my father died my mother and sisters came to stop with me for a short time while their affairs were being settled. Some pieces of family furniture, portraits, &c., were brought to my house. Among these was a library chair belonging to my father, and it was placed in my own library.

About this time I was being pressed by an official friend to attend a meeting at his house, for the purpose of taking part in a spirit rapping ceremony, but had always declined, because I did not believe in the phenomenon. However, he particularly pressed me to come on account of my father's recent death, saying I should be certain to learn something. Perhaps my nerves had been worn by recent events. In any case, I consented to come, and I remember wearing my father's watch and chain and seal for the first time, to attune me to the atmosphere. I told no one at my house that I was going for this particular purpose. They thought I was simply going out to dinner in the ordinary way.

On arrival at my friend's house we had dinner and then adjourned to the drawing-room. The whole company sat round a largish table holding hands. Several members of the company described certain experiences and conducted conversations with spirit manifestations. But I was absolutely unmoved and looked upon the whole thing as unreal and made up. I left the house angry with myself for giving way to such nonsense.

Reaching home, not very late, I let myself in with my latch-key, and was immediately met by my wife, my mother and sisters having retired, who was strongly agitated and troubled. The explanation was that about ten o'clock she was working in the library as usual, and looking up from her seat she saw the form of my father seated in his usual way in his old chair. And ten o'clock was the time when I, an unbeliever in spirit manifestations, had been seated at the round table gathering of spirit believers.

The coincidence is remarkable, and I have ever since been deeply impressed by it, but it has not made me a believer in spirit manifestations.

MIND is the Master-Power that moulds and makes,  
And Man is Mind, and evermore he takes  
The Tool of Thought, and, shaping what he wills,  
Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills;  
He thinks in secret, and it comes to pass;  
Environment is but his looking-glass.

—JAMES ALLEN.



## PRAYER AND TELEPATHY.

Telepathy for the first time makes prayer scientific. If communication is possible in some supersensory way between human spirit and human spirit, obviously it is presumably possible between a human spirit and a superhuman one. From the former to the latter it is prayer; from the latter to the former it is the inspiration of prophet and seer, and, indeed, of all of us in our small measure, in so far as we see truth and do good. "It is the inspiration of the Lord that giveth thee understanding."

These are some of the implications of telepathy. They are great and far-reaching. They establish or render rational such momentous things as the essential solidarity of humanity, the survival of man past bodily death, communication between the two planes, communion with God—both ways, prayer and inspiration. It is not too much to say that if the Society for Psychical Research had done no more than establish telepathy—and it has done much more—it would have deserved the thanks of its own and following generations. Still more evidence, however, is constantly required to buttress the old and to sustain interest until general acceptance comes about. Consequently, anyone who is favoured with telepathic experiences, such as a vision or dream of a wounded relative or the like, would do well to record the fact before verification, getting the record witnessed by some other person. Such cases, sent to the Society for Psychical Research, will be gratefully received, and will, in the mass, furnish valuable data, contributing to the scientific establishment of a more spiritual conception of the universe than has prevailed for many centuries.

—J. ARTHUR HILL, in "Bibby's Annual."

## SIDELIGHTS.

Having seen in *LIGHT* of the 24th June last the suggestion from "Neagh" that those soldiers at the front who are interested in psychic science shall give their experiences, an officer who is personally known to us and who has just lost his left arm in fighting writes: "It may interest you to know that all along, ever since I first came out here, I have known I was going to be hit in the left arm or shoulder. I told my sister-in-law of it more than a year ago. I knew it fully before going into this 'Push,' but I thought it would happen on the second day of the advance, whereas it occurred on the first day after I had been twice blown down and half-buried by shell-concussion."

"Mirza," alluding to recent remarks in *LIGHT* on the subject of healing by music, mentions that in "Life Understood" and other works by Mr. F. L. Rawson much information on this and allied subjects will be found. Mr. Rawson points out that music heals because it is vibration. "It is now recognised by scientific men that matter, force, electricity and vibration are one and the same thing. Healing by music is only the same class of healing as healing by electricity, and done by the effect upon the mind. The only true healing with permanent results is that method by which Jesus the Christ healed—the purification of the human mind by true prayer or scientific right thinking."

Writing from Liverpool, a lady actively engaged in psychical work narrates the incident which led her to take up the work. It is of special interest as bearing on the question raised in our columns some time ago by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "Where is the soul during unconsciousness?" While undergoing an operation at Shaw-street Hospital, Liverpool, for which she had been placed under an anæsthetic, our correspondent was conscious of floating through space and then of seeing before her a wide portal through which streamed a beautiful radiance. She sought to enter, when out of the brightness came the form of her mother, who had passed to the higher life many years before, and stayed her, telling her that she could not be admitted yet as she had a work to do on earth which she had hitherto neglected—a work of enlightening others—and that she must return and take it up at once without further delay. On finally recovering consciousness the lady found that her arm was bandaged, and subsequently learned that, to keep up the action of the heart, which had almost ceased, the doctor had found it necessary to effect a transfusion of blood from himself. She adds that but for the charge which she received in her vision she would never have become a public exponent of Spiritualism.

In a letter just received from Mrs. Etta Wriedt, we learn with regret that her expected visit to this country was prevented owing to the illness of her husband.

"Bibby's Annual" is as usual a splendid issue. It contains over sixty illustrations, many of them in colour. Amongst the other contents are articles by Professor Darroch ("Education and Humanism"), Clara M. Codd ("The Birth of a New Age"), Christina Duckworth ("Child Culture"), Lady Margaret Sackville ("A Woman's Views on War"), Mr. Joseph Bibby, the editor ("The New Socialism" and "What Theosophy Stands For"), Sir Benjamin S. Johnson ("Recurative Possibilities after the War"), and Mr. J. Arthur Hill ("Telepathy and its Implications").

The June number of "Luce e Ombra" contains an excellent article by Signor N. Licò on "The Useful Side of Occult Sciences." He confines himself mainly to the employment of hypnotism for medical purposes, emphasising the need for proper study of the matter. Allusion is made to the experiments of De Rochas, who by means of hypnotism is alleged to have exteriorised the "astral form" (*doppio fluidico*) of a subject to such an extent as to be able to influence it by material means and to make the subject respond to the sensation of touch correspondingly. Signor Licò condemns, however, the violent methods of producing hypnosis that are used by most practitioners of the art, especially in French hospitals.

Mrs. J. L. Farrell, Librarian of the "Circle of Light," whose address is Roseberry-avenue, Cambridge, South Africa, writes: "Some short while ago you voiced in your columns our need of suitable books for the library which has been inaugurated in connection with our society. The response, so far, has not been numerically great, but I would like to thank those authors who have, with such kindly courtesy, sent us complimentary copies of their own works. These are very highly appreciated. To those friends across the sea, who, realising our need, are sending us their good wishes for our welfare and kindly thoughts in such a tangible form, we tender our sincerest thanks, to which will be added later the thanks and gratitude of those who, reading the books, receive help, comfort and light thereby."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## Intelligence and Intelligibility.

SIR,—Referring to your remarks (p. 236) concerning St. Paul's admonition, perhaps we need to consider that while "insisting on intelligibility" from the spirits, it is equally essential that the incarnate recipient should be an intelligent discernor and interpreter. Spiritual truths (filtered) are likely to convey some of the medium's idiosyncrasies, and yet be intelligible in the right quarter and to the unbiassed mind. For instance, many people declare Browning (who was certainly a medium) to be incomprehensible because they fail as discerners. Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned and accepted.—Yours, &c.,  
E. P. PRENTICE.  
Sutton.

## Visions and Thought Influences.

SIR,—In connection with Swedenborg's visions of Heaven and Hell, and with the Revelation of the Monk of Evesham, referred to by the reviewer of Mr. McKenzie's book on "Spirit Intercourse," may I bring to the notice of your readers a very peculiar incident related by Mr. Turvey in his book, "The Beginnings of Seership"? The point which it illustrates is the perplexing manner in which men of fixed religious views and mediumistic powers apparently confirm those views by their visions.

Mr. Turvey was visited by a narrow-minded minister, who argued with him for some time, asserting that his experiences were inspired by devils. Mr. Turvey, naturally, altogether discounted these observations; but after the minister's departure he became suddenly aware of the presence of the devils in the room—horns and tail complete. He was a great deal taken aback, and for a moment felt genuine fright; but by a lucky chance he caught a view of their backs (I think, in a mirror), and saw that they were hollow! Entirely objective as these appearances were, they were nevertheless false, like *papier-mâché* counterfeits for the real article. They faded away after this exposure.

If the sensitive can thus see the creations of another man's mind, it follows that a sensitive of very firm religious preconceptions is still more likely to see evidence in support of his views.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY C. FABER,  
Capt.

2/8th Batt. London Regt.,  
Sutton-Veney, Wilts.



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No. 1,858.—VOL. XXXVI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1916. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.  
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in *Review of Reviews*.

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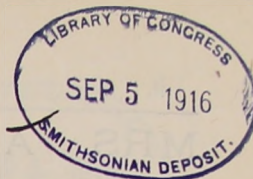
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No. 1,858.—VOL. XXXVI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1916. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

The August issue of the "National Review" contains a carefully considered reply by Mr. J. Arthur Hill to the question "Is Survival Provable?" Intelligent critics, he points out, call upon leaders in psychical research to institute certain tests which they imagine would afford crucial proof of the action of discarnate entities, but which the practised researcher at once sees would be capable of other interpretations. Heightened mental faculty and telepathy from the living are two of these. True, the telepathic explanation has been much overrated.

It is invoked by anti-Spiritists with reckless haste, lest worse things befall them. But as a matter of fact, the experimental proof of telepathy, though sufficient to convince most investigators that the thing does sometimes really occur, is still far from establishing a telepathy or mind-reading of the scope that must be attributed to it if it is invoked as explanation of all the supernormally-acquired knowledge displayed in mediumistic phenomena. In other words, to explain all these things by telepathy means assuming a good deal. It is hardly more than a risky guess, and it will probably turn out wrong. Still, assumptions and guesses are legitimate—science is largely "guess and trial"—and the task of the future in psychical research is to find out whether this greater telepathy is justified or not, or, on the other hand, to get such strong evidence for spirits that the telepathic flank is turned. This was clearly perceived by several leading investigators who are now dead. They saw that some new form of evidence was desirable. And it is certainly remarkable that, after their death, new forms of evidence began to appear.

\* \* \* \*

The passage cited above refers, of course, to the famous "cross correspondences," a phase which Mr. Hill states has been very largely instrumental in bringing Mr. G. W. Balfour and Mrs. Sidgwick—among others—to the belief that "veridical communications are received, some of which, there is good reason to believe, come from the dead." Mr. Hill agrees that undoubtedly some of this evidence is good, though to some people (and we think he is here including himself) the simpler forms of evidence still remain the most weighty. He instances the way in which George Pelham, through Mrs. Piper, recognised, among a host of sitters introduced anonymously or pseudonymously, twenty-nine out of thirty people whom he had known in his earthly life, greeting them correctly by name with the degree of familiarity appropriate in each case. Admitting that coercive proof of survival—absolutely incontrovertible evidence—is impossible (a fact which need not depress us, as it applies to all inductive science) Mr. Hill holds that

It may reasonably be urged that the G. P. evidence is sufficient to justify at least a provisional belief. And it is reinforced by many other incidents which are carefully described

in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. In fact, so much good evidence is now available that the *onus probandi* may legitimately be repudiated. We can say to the sceptic, "The proof is there—so far as proof is possible in an inductive inquiry. If you will not accept it, that is your affair; your error be upon your own head. But you need not think any longer that your ignorant mere denial of our thesis is sufficient to dispose of it. The public is now aware of our evidence; you can't bluff them any longer. If we are wrong, *prove it*. We challenge you to produce better explanations if you can. We will accept them gladly if you can prove that they are better; for we are seeking, not the bolstering up of pet and preconceived beliefs, but the establishment of Truth, whatever it may be."

\* \* \* \*

Virgil wrote in condemnation of persons who "scatter ambiguous sounds amongst the crowd," and the phrase has an application for some of those who seek to propagate the doctrines of Spiritualism amongst the public at large. They should keep to the essential principles on which there is no dispute, and avoid the side-issues about which there is no agreement, and the insistence upon which bewilders the uninitiated. One of these side-issues is the vexed problem of reincarnation, upon which there are a multitude of "ambiguous sounds," for even amongst the believers in it there are irreconcilable differences of view. To us the idea of reincarnation has a profound spiritual significance as representing the essential unity of all the apparently separated parts of the One Spirit. In the old Persian legend the Sufi could not gain admission to Paradise until he realised that in the spiritual sense he and the Angel at the Gate were one. But when this exalted idea is debased to material uses the result is merely ludicrous—there is a multitude of absurd applications of it. ("In my previous incarnation I was an Indian princess," "I have lived before as an Assyrian general," &c.) The very wildness of the differences in the statements made concerning the working of reincarnation in practice is significant. You are reborn every so many thousand years, so many centuries, or at shorter intervals, indeterminate.

\* \* \* \*

From one or two books which have appeared recently it would seem that some persons are hardly settled into their places in the next life before they begin to look round for a fresh channel of "reimbodiment." It is almost suggestive of the antics of the pantomime clown who, having taken a leap through the scenery, re-emerges instantaneously into the stage street again through another opening. If there were no better tidings of "comfort and joy" for a sick humanity than a doctrine of this kind it would be time to close our shutters, and admit that we have no gospel for the world. We have an infinite amount to learn about other-world conditions, admitted. But in our quest we may go armed with the knowledge that the Universe is governed throughout by reason and intelligence. It is everywhere benevolent. There are no perversions or contortions except those which are the outcome of our own ignorance and lack of perception. Listening sometimes to what seemed strange and unnatural ideas



presented in the name of Spiritualism or Theosophy, it has occurred to us that it was the form and not the idea which was wrong. We were simply witnessing the distortion of a truth. How many times have angel-ministrants—"the beloved, the truehearted" visitors who "enter at the open door" to re-unite with those they have left behind—been denounced as "goblins," "spectres" and even "devils" by those who do not understand!

### DREAMING TRUE.

#### A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. J., a lady who writes from a town in Hampshire, sends us an account of one of two remarkable dreams which she had some time ago while staying in South Africa, and by way of whetting our curiosity assures us that the other dream was equally strange. She is a non-Spiritualist, and therefore her name and address are given to us in confidence. Our correspondent states that she was residing in the Northern Transvaal, some twelve hours' journey by rail from Johannesburg, when one night she dreamt that she was wandering on the railway embankment near the Union Ground in that city, gathering flowers. Though the morning sun was shining in a gloriously blue sky, there had evidently been a heavy rain, for on climbing the slope she found the ground so slippery that she put out her hand to an absolute stranger who appeared suddenly, and accepted his aid in stepping off the embankment on to the road. As she did so she noticed a policeman standing some fifty yards away, and the thought—a rather foolish one—flashed into her mind that he might be somewhat shocked at the spectacle of a lady in afternoon smart attire (such as she wore in her dream) being helped up the bank by a strange gentleman. The next instant she awoke, still retaining the sensation of grasping a man's hand, but with a slight, unpleasant feeling that it resembled less a human hand than a glove filled with chaff. Next morning she related the dream to her husband and they both laughed over it. Later in the day, however, she was pursued by a strange insistent thought, like a message flashed upon her brain: "Go to Johannesburg to-night, and to-morrow you will see in the Baptist Chapel the man who helped you up the bank." But this seemed altogether too absurd (not to say unconventional) a mode of procedure, and she did not obey the monition. The sequel is remarkable. About a year had elapsed since her dream when Mrs. J. engaged an elderly Dutch lady, Mrs. R., as a teacher for her children. One day when they chanced to be alone together, Mrs. R. asked if she were interested in Spiritualism. She replied in the negative, adding that she really knew nothing about it. The governess then went on to state that a friend of hers, a Mr. M., who was a keen Spiritualist, told her on one occasion of a dream he had that on a certain morning he was walking towards the Union Ground in Johannesburg, when he saw a lady, &c. Mrs. J. let Mrs. R. add a few words more, and then, to her amazement, finished the story for her. Mrs. R. exclaimed, "Do you know, I've thought it was you ever since I saw you." Mr. M. described you to the life, your gait and appearance. Mr. M. had told her that the lady in his dream vanished just after taking his hand. He, too, had noticed the policeman in the road. He got the impression of her hand feeling like a "bag of chaff." Further, the idea of meeting her in the Baptist Chapel had been upon him so strongly (for what purpose Mrs. J. cannot imagine, as she had never seen him or heard of him before, and had not done so since), that he actually went there on the Sunday evening. Our correspondent adds that she would be most grateful to any of our readers who can explain to her such experiences.

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## THE CLOTHING OF THE SPIRIT.

By HAMERTON YORKE.

From the frequent use in the New Testament of the word "robe" as indicative of the spiritual condition of its wearer, one is sometimes led to wonder whether this word is always to be understood in a merely symbolical sense, or whether it is not also descriptive of an actual manifestation of a spiritual condition by some real garment worn by the resurrection body.

One is met at the very outset by the objection that when, in the life to come, we are restored to our primal innocence, the conditions of Eden are renewed, and that the new body in the heavenly Paradise will be even as the first body in its earthly Paradise—naked and unashamed.

If we are merely to have reversion to primal type, what becomes of the whole idea of growth and subsequent change, which not only denotes life, but *is* life in its essential act? Surely it is not the "old man" that is restored, but the "new man," with new potentialities, new faculties, new expressions, that is evolved—that is the ultimate "growth" transcending the bounds of the natural germ; and shall not this new body have its appropriate clothing? Surely it is to emphasise this that the whole cycle of plant-life imagery is employed with such forcible comparison by St. Paul. Our natural body is deliberately likened to a bare seed, insignificant, clad in a dead husk, ultimately "cast into the earth"; here we have the similitude of our present state. We, who live now but are about to die, wear husks that once lived but now are dead; we have no clothes, properly so-called, of our own. Whether of silk, wool, linen, cotton, leather—what you will, every article of man's clothing was once alive; but—and this is the significant fact—with an alien life, not that of the wearer. In this matter we are incomplete, in transition.

Now follow the simile out. The seed-body dies, otherwise the plant-body could have no being; but is this plant-body merely a restored, similar seed, quickened to a more lasting life? By no means. The same nature is there, but "after its kind" it is garbed in living green, it is crowned with a glory of colour, a fantasy of form, a gift of fragrance. "Not Solomon in all his glory is arrayed like one of these."

And shall not our risen body have progressed in the manner? It, too, is cast into the earth, shall it not in turn arise in living clothes? I think so; else why the simile? But of what nature are these clothes, that they themselves may be described as alive? Not something external to ourselves any longer, as our earthly "dead" garments are, but something that shall be a manifestation of our true nature—"our kind"—that shall bring us to completion as the seed is brought to its full self in the plant, that shall diversify us one from another.

And here, for the purpose of my argument, let us pause for a moment the present completion of purely animal nature, and define broadly what is meant in connection with it by the terms "body" and "clothes." I take it that "body," pure and simple, is represented by that congeries of organs enclosed in skin, without which life could not exist; and by "clothes" all that is external to that skin, yet proceeding from it—whether of fur, feather, scale or shell—of the animal, yet not strictly speaking it. (For a sheep truly remains sheep, even though it be shorn, and bird is reckoned bird, though it be still unfledged.) All these external diversities may quite truly be considered as distinguishing "clothing" of the various orders, that which determines their kind, and makes them complete and distinct creatures. Now mark this. The animal nature has reached its full development now, in this world. Man has not. He is still in transition; it "doth not yet appear" what he shall be. Can it be that he still lacks his "true clothing"—that full development for him consists in a visible outgrowth of the spirit-form, and implies a budding, a fledging into something incomparably more beautiful and complex than anything Nature has as yet indicated?

I do not know whether the illustration can be allowed, but is there not a hint of this dress in the aura which even now emanates from our physical body? An ethereal "something" transcending the limits of the flesh, sensitive to impressions



from without, therefore alive; coloured according to the spiritual condition of its possessor (be it with a colour which strangely to us are yet capable of perceiving, though many of us are becoming sensible of the reception and transmission of knowledge only to be accounted for by the actual contact of forces extending beyond our physical nervous system; a something that is itself, yet an effluence beyond itself—an efflorescence of the self—a foretaste of the "flower-garment." I know no other name by which to call it.

Think of one of the most exquisite sights of this world, an alpine pasture set so thick with flowers that it is as though the celestial pedlar had unbound his pack and cast abroad lengths of gorgeous silken stuffs to please the unseen customers of the air. Think on another plane, of the paradisaical gardens that lie in like manner on the slopes of the evergreen hills; shall they lack diversity of living flowers, roses of Sharon, lilies of the valley, or the sweet crushed fragrances of lovely herb-like lives that have grown unnoticed in this lower world, and from which emanate that odour of sanctity "as of flowers" recognised even here in the bodies of the saints?

Do not think I would suggest a substantial garb of varied hues for our future wear—by no means! Yet I mean a very real, though not necessarily a tangible one. Real as light is, and substantial only as colour is substantial, but a very integral part of ourselves, an external manifestation of our spiritual nature. How otherwise save by its garment of colour and light can one soul differ visibly from another in glory? It is not an obscuring of the body restored to its primal innocence, rather it is an expression of its essential nature, and that in its fullest sense. Though used symbolically, we know that colour does, in truth, affect emotion, does, in reality, express it.

We do emphatically believe that our individuality will not be lost, that we shall not be submerged absolutely into the blinding white light of Godhead. Rather will the myriad personalities of humanity resemble severally the coloured rays of the spectrum, that united make white light, but which break into gorgeous tints owing to the nature of the individual medium on or through which that light operates. Where should colour be if light struck not on various substances? Where should personality be if the True Light refracted not through humankind?

Artists have given us angels with peacock wings, tricked out in all the vagaries of exotic plumage, and beavies of glorified maids attired with the arts and fripperies of heavenly tailors. Are they so utterly mistaken in their vision? True, the making of these clothes suggests labour and care, scissors and other mundane tools, time, patience—things that are incompatible with the conditions of the heavenly sphere. But are they, therefore, to wear—nothing? That shocks—I will not say our sense of propriety, that is too purely earthly an idea—but most certainly our sense of the essential fitness of symbolism to the high and permanent reality of the thing symbolised. Righteousness—in the aggregate—is likened to a garment. Therefore, to fulfil the uses of a garment, it must clothe, and must visibly clothe. Is it fitting that this towards which we strain as the ultimate condition of our everlasting life should be symbolised by what is merely an external possession, to be cast off in time? It is a "garment" that is given—not again in the sense of an unrelated vestiture arbitrarily bestowed, but in the gradual unfolding of that inner and transcendent life evidenced by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, even as the life given to the germ and nourished by the solar rays unfolds in time with its due glory of petals that flower which, botanically speaking, is but a thing of naked pistil and stamens.

And here also in this implication of a garment seems to arise a distinction between the completion of good and the destination and nakedness of evil. Do we anywhere get any indication of clothing worn by the damned? Was there ever a recorded vision of a saint—unclothed? Either we must suppose the saint to appear objectively and his clothes merely subjectively, or we are faced with the dilemma that either the vision is subjective, or that spiritual clothing exists; and that, too, in a case where it is least likely to be worn, namely, by a incarnate spirit.

But if clothes grow and are an integral part of the com-

pleted being, then the difficulty disappears. A certain temper of mind may endow one with a complementary garment of a given colour or form; some separate act of virtue be the jewel or embroidery of its hem: there is no end to the variety, the complexities, the visible wonders needed to portray our manifold and very diverse natures, even as there is no end to the many-coloured marvels that emerge from very dingy and insignificant seeds on earth.

God must so love flowers. He has made so many that no eye marks but His. He has squandered them all over the earth, each one a separate miracle. Have you ever thought that were there but one seed in all the world, bearing one flower, that would be recognised as an equal miracle with any of those performed by our Lord? Yet He creates countless flowers, always, everywhere, with a lavishness that has made us blind.

... And it was He Who chose the live garment of a flower to confound all the splendour of Solomon.

"How much more," then, shall not they be thus clothed who grow in the Paradise of God.

#### THE WESTON PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH.

The Rev. C. L. Tweedale, in the course of a letter just received, corrects an error in the printing of his statement in *LIGHT* of the 5th inst. (page 255). The words "During the whole time of the exposure," which follow the sentence beginning "Nothing visible to normal vision," belong to that sentence and not to the next. His letter is mainly devoted to meeting a suggestion which has been made that the flocculent cloudy effect seen directly under the figure in the picture may have been caused by currents of heated air or steam ascending from the dishes or tureen on the table. He points out that the photograph was taken at the end of the meal, when the food was practically cold, and that such currents, had they been present, would have been constantly changing form and in twenty-five seconds, the time of the exposure, would present a hopeless tangle. Lastly, and most important, he has tested the matter by placing steaming vessels on the table between the camera and the end of the piano (where the apparition appeared) and then taking a photograph, giving the same exposure as before. The result shows the end of the piano quite distinctly with not a trace either of anything resembling the figure of a man or of any flocculent cloudy mass.

#### A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF AUGUST 21st, 1886.)

[The Zouave Jacob.] If any Spiritualists who can speak or understand the French language elect to pay a visit to his séances, I am sure they will be greatly interested. He holds séances for healing every day at 3 o'clock at his humble dwelling, situate No. 20, Rue de Montemotte, L'Etoile, which is a few minutes' walk, by the Rue de Macmahon, from the Arc de Triomphe. I had several conversations with him through the interpretation of my son, who can converse in French, and to whom I am indebted for all that was conveyed to me in that language. . . . M. Jacob professes to impart his gift of healing to receptive people—those whose lives are pure and who have faith in God and His angels. He is corresponding with several, and it is his intention shortly to bring out a paper, weekly or fortnightly, containing records of the healing power under his and his agents' hands.

—FROM A LETTER BY MR. MORILL THOROLD.

Society at this hour, in its sore need of vivifying instruction, vibrates with the monotonous torture of its swing from pole to pole of dead level materialism of one sort or another; and of ill-regulated Spiritualism of one sort or another; and those who swing to these abnormal extremes suffer respectively in heart and brain.

—FROM AN ARTICLE BY LAURENCE OLEPHANT.



OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1916.

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A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

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## THE NEXT WORLD AND ITS NATURE.

Having established the fact of a future life on the lines of reason as well as of revelation and taken our stand positively upon the fact, it is natural to proceed to an investigation of the nature of the world or worlds beyond. It is a question that has been examined and reported upon times without number, and although on the broad and general issues there is substantial agreement, the testimonies, whether from communicating spirits or from mortals who profess by psychical methods to have themselves explored the other life, show remarkable discrepancies so far as particulars are concerned. It is not necessary to go deeply into these differences here. They are familiar to all who have made even a moderate study of psychical literature, and prove at times more than a little bewildering. Several theories have been put forward to account for the contradictions, *e.g.*, differences in the particular grade of spirit life examined, differences of perception, the impossibility of translating into the terms of earth the realities of a region beyond the earth, the influence on the mind, whether of spirit or mortal, of preconceived ideas, and so forth. We believe that these all have their part in the production of accounts of the next life which seem to conflict with each other.

We have been told, on the one hand, that the conditions of the world beyond are utterly untranslatable into the terms of human speech, and, on the other, that they are actually and literally describable in terms of time and space. There is something to be said for both these views, but the truth probably lies somewhere between the two.

Let us consider the case of the world in which we at present live—the world we know, or think we know—and consider how many utterly conflicting accounts could be given of it by its inhabitants to any conjectured explorers from some other region of intelligent life. We do not mean simply the differences between the report of a civilised European and an untutored Polynesian savage—which would naturally seem inconsistent from purely physical causes—but the contradictions that would appear in the statements even of people living in the same region and with practically the same environment. An artist would see quite a different world from, say, an unimaginative man of commercial mind; the poet's account would differ widely from that of the scientist; the invalid's story would challenge that of the person in vigorous health. Everything at last comes down to a question of consciousness. It may

be objected that a house, a tree, a table and a chair are the same things to all of us, whatever our mental conditions. Precisely, but suppose we had to describe them to those who were unfamiliar with such things—in the shape, at least, in which they present themselves to our own consciousness. That would provide ample opportunity for confusion, especially when we remember how many persons are quite unobservant and find a difficulty in describing in plain terms anything they see.

This question of consciousness, of thought, seems to lie at the root of much of the conflict of testimony in regard to other-world conditions. If the mind modifies everything which is seen in the physical state, how much more must this be the case in a world where the objective surroundings are more plastic than here—more responsive to mental states! And it has sometimes seemed to us in considering communications from the next world that unless they deal with the higher aspects of mind and soul they are tremendously conditioned by the mentality of the recipient.

In LIGHT of the 25th of March last appeared an old and thoroughly well-authenticated account of the spirit of an English soldier murdered in Scotland in 1750, who appeared to a Highland shepherd and told his story which led to the murderers being brought before the judges and the shepherd appearing in court as a witness to give evidence concerning the ghost. But when he said the ghost addressed him in Gaelic (a language the living soldier did not know) the story was derided, even though it had led to the discovery of the murder. Where did the ghost get its Gaelic? Where, indeed, but from the Gaelic-speaking shepherd? It was the mentality of the seer that clothed in his own words the story communicated in the universal language of the soul by the spirit of the soldier. There is a whole volume of philosophy in that conclusion, which could be supported by innumerable other instances of the way in which individual consciousness may borrow from another all that is necessary to clothe a communicated thought and give it outward expression. Those who are skilled in translating from one language to another—and especially where the meaning to be conveyed is a subtle or elusive one—well know how the essential thing is to seize and reproduce the idea rather than the words. A translation which mechanically converts each word in one language into its nearest equivalent in another generally results in something quite unintelligible, or at least misleading. It is not the form but the *spirit* of the words which the efficient translator looks for, and having gained that he proceeds to clothe it with a new body that shall be, as far as possible, adapted to the expression of the spirit, that is to say, the thought.

In our intercourse with the other world, then, our aim should be to get at the language common to all humanity, whether in this world or the next, *viz.*, ideas. Now the elementary idea—the first principle—underlying all the phenomena of the external world is the idea of *use*. Almost invariably the first question aroused by the contemplation of any new thing is, what end does it serve, what is the use of it? If we cannot find the purpose of a thing we have to leave it out of our calculations as meaningless. Let us think of a house or dwelling. As a structure it will take a multitude of different forms all over the globe—it may be a cave, a hut, a cottage or a palace, but the idea that underlies each form is the same—a *home*. That is its purpose and purport, its spiritual content, apprehensible only to the interior consciousness, for it is clear that the idea conveyed by the word "home" is something beyond the physical senses, although these are our only criteria of reality as far as the physical consciousness is concerned. Hence our hesitation when we are asked to accept descrip-



## DEATH AND SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

BY CAPTAIN GEOFFREY C. FABER.

The object of this paper is to define two contrary schools of thought (or belief). It is in character quite preliminary; it is, in fact, only an outline grouping of two main sets of ideas which have recently been shaping in the writer's mind. There appears, however, to be considerable looseness of thought in many quarters on this most important question of the manner in which the soul is affected by death; and if I can provoke further reflection on my readers' part, I shall not have broached the topic in vain.

I take it as assumed that at death the spirit of a man (by which is to be understood the essential conscious self) is liberated from the material body, and, whether in bodily form or not, enters upon a different plane of existence. I take it, further, as assumed, that the great end to be achieved by the human spirit is a continued closer approximation to Good; or, in simpler language, a drawing nearer to God; and that, without some such mystical assumption, the hypothesis of personal immortality has neither meaning nor value.

The question, then, which haunts my mind may be clearly put in this form: Does the character of a man's life on earth finally determine the possibility or impossibility, for him, of this drawing nearer to God? The question is a tremendous one; I believe it to be the most tremendous that it is in our power to ask. The implications are almost infinite; and on our answer depends our attitude towards existence. I will briefly mention one or two such implications, and suggest the answer which most commends itself to my mind.

There is implied, first, the problem of Evil. Is Evil a positive force, of equally real character with Good? or is it simply the negative of Good, simply a falling short of perfection? To persons of religious or conscientious temperament Evil does appear most often, I think, as a positive force, to be hated and resisted, lest it overcome them. And yet, on any intelligible view of God, the positive existence of Evil is not to be conceived by a modern mind. The modern mind tends to regard Evil as an appearance rather than a reality. For just as a malignant tumour appears to be something quite other than a healthy limb, yet in analysis it is found to consist of exactly the same chemical elements; so the horrible character of Evil may be due, not to any intrinsically different form of being, but to its interference with the straightforward organic development of the spirit, which alone is Good. On this view, any failure to attain perfection is evil; but the greater the failure the worse the evil; and the lower forms of vice and cruelty amount practically to a denial of the spirit and to its consequent atrophy—than which nothing can be more dreadful.

The significance of this problem is, that if Evil is a positive force, and if the spirit of a man once definitely allies itself thereto, it is clear that the alliance may well be, must be, final; and that, at death, the spirit will be in a state, such as Swedenborg describes, where all that remains is for its real bias towards good or towards evil to be laid bare, and its ultimate home, in Heaven or Hell, determined.

It cannot be denied that this view, which I call the Static Conception of immortality, lends to a man's earthly life a terrific urgency. We have but a short while to live (it may be very short), and in that brief space we determine, by our actions and our beliefs, our future to all eternity. But is not the urgency so great as to be unsupportable? Most men, again, are aware of a very slow and gradual spiritual improvement as they grow older; and a man at seventy may be entitled to a position in the heavenly scale, to which he was at forty quite unfitted. Men, therefore, who die young are unfairly handicapped, except by a special providential favouritism, which is ruled out of court by the hypothesis that the spirit, aided doubtless by God, itself in its earthly life determines its own future home.

It is not easy, writing thus briefly, to avoid stating the Static Conception in very inadequate terms. Those who wish to know of what subtlety it is capable must read Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell"—a work of the profoundest character and the deepest insight into the true psychology of the spirit. They

tions of things in the next life in any literal sense. The words "real" and "actual" are freely used of these things. Doubtless they are quite real and actual to the minds of those who dwell in that life. They are by no means real and actual to us—they are indeed more impalpable than air. We can receive the *ideas* sought to be conveyed, but the *forms* are beyond us. Our consciousness, polarised to the physical side of life, translates them automatically into material terms, but the values thus stamped upon them need to be closely scrutinised. The materialist is right in using the word "subjective" in regard to things outside the physical order. They are "subjective"—to our physical consciousness. But we part company with him immediately when he uses the word as a denial of reality. The things beyond sense are real in the highest measures of reality since they belong to the world of causes. These causes make certain impressions on our consciousness here which we translate into physical realities. But whether these causes have precisely the same effect upon the consciousness of discarnate spirits is another question. We do not forget that the bodily senses which at one time related them to the material world have been laid aside, and the world in which they now live appeals to their consciousness in a quite different fashion. They live in what to us is an interior order, our ideas of which, when translated into purely material terms, fail to convey more than a faint shadow of the reality, although they certainly convey something. On the whole, then, we prefer to take the middle ground as between the idealist whose conjectures relate to a world beyond all mortal thought and apprehension, and the matter-of-fact man who discourses of other-world order as something easily within the compass of mundane speech and understanding.

## LUCKY OR UNLUCKY?

We cut the following from a review in the "Times" Literary Supplement of a book entitled "In the Hands of the Senoussi," wherein Captain R. Gwatkin-Williams, R.N., describes how his vessel, the "Tara," was torpedoed off the coast of Africa and he and his crew were interned in the Lybian Desert:—

The concluding chapter deals with omens and coincidences encountered in the course of the adventure. The "Tara" had a lucky black cat on board; and this cat, for no visible reason, sprang overboard and attempted to escape. He was brought back, and perished with the ship. "Did he foresee his end when he tried to escape?" asks Captain Williams; but he does not answer the question, and he also leaves us to make what we can of the number of important things which happened to him on a Friday. "The 'Tara' was torpedoed on a Friday. We got to our permanent camp, the Wells of Hakkim, on a Friday. On a Friday we were rescued. Good Friday saw me sail for England. I got to my home on a Friday, and the ship was paid off on a Friday also."

It would be difficult to determine from this summary whether Friday should be regarded as a lucky or an unlucky day; and the reviewer may add that his own experiences leave him equally doubtful on the point. He set out, on a Friday, on a journey which resulted in his internment in a camp in Germany; but it was also on a Friday that he received the intimation that he was one of those who were to be exchanged and sent for military service. Inevitably, therefore, his personal attitude towards popular superstitions is that of one who faces both ways; and he is not perceptibly helped to a decision by the fact that the party in which he set out for England numbered thirteen.

WHERE PAIN CEASES.—When I operate upon some internal structure I find that it is the cutting through the skin which causes the acute sensation. Pain is largely a physiological sensation of the skin and of the extremities, and he who lives on the surface of himself feels the most pain. To those who live high up in their supreme self there is no pain.—"Myrrh and Amaranth," by JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M.R.C.S., D.C.L.



will learn there of the infinite variety of the Hells as well as the Heavens, and of the high degree of external order, which is conceivable even in Hell. But they will also learn that there is no modification of the fate which man constructs for himself in the course of his earthly life. And whether or no they accept Swedenborg's account as veridical, they cannot but agree with his *psychology*: his theory of heavenly happiness as the union of the good will with the true understanding carries immediate conviction.

Nevertheless, the present writer cannot accept the Static Conception. All men, of any religious capacity, are conscious of a desire deep down in their inmost being for *perfection*, for the highest conceivable perfection to which the spirit can attain; they are equally conscious of the absolute impossibility, for them, of such perfection until the grossness of their (spiritual) nature has been eliminated, and the will and the understanding infinitely developed. They are aware, I think, that even on the Swedenborgian doctrine of interior degrees of spirit (that is, of interior personalities, developed, unconsciously, by Divine agency, in accordance with their conscious activities on earth, and brought to living consciousness after death) they cannot improve their minds and wills to the extent they desire during this life.

The alternative to the Static is, naturally, a Progressive Conception of the life after death. To my mind this bears exactly the relation to the Swedenborgian conception of Heaven and Hell which the theory of Evolution bears to the older scheme of creation. It is, without question, far more in sympathy with modern sentiment. It remains true, on this theory, that the efforts towards the good made in the earthly life make all the difference to the spirit's state after death. But a man, who on earth starved his spiritual self, is not thereby hopelessly and for ever cut off from the recognition of his folly and subsequent amendment in the after-life; though inevitably his spiritual progress is much retarded and made much more difficult.

It seems, also, that such a conception is more in harmony with Christ's teaching (if that is held to be divinely authoritative) than the Swedenborgian. Swedenborg held that the Divine Mercy could not, by the very laws of creation, save the wicked man from Hell, once death had put a term to his wickedness; and he, indeed, poured scorn on the idea of "death-bed repentance." The Divine Mercy was, in his view, continually operative during man's natural life (man being of himself wholly evil) in the shaping of his "interior" self. But Christ laid stress on Divine Forgiveness. The forgiveness of sins means, not that man by his own effort has not to expel the evil from his soul (for only so can he attain goodness), but that the opportunity of recovery and of Divine help is never taken away. And to insist that it is taken away by death, because with death the evolutionary period ceases for ever, is to limit unnecessarily God's creative ingenuity.

The theme is capable of indefinite expansion. But enough has been said to pose the problem. The difficulty for admirers of Swedenborg is the extraordinary precision and logicity of his whole cosmogony. If wrong here, why not wrong all through? It may be suggested that his religious convictions, in many respects curiously rigid and antiquated (he reserves miserable futures for his theological opponents!), were fixedly formed before his spiritual experiences began; and that he was all the while unconsciously selecting and influencing the latter in favour of his beliefs. If this is so (and I am nearly certain it must have been) it is a most remarkable proof of the unreliability of spiritually derived information about the other world. It makes it difficult to hope for evidence which shall settle the question one way or another. Yet evidence is very much to be desired. Perhaps readers of *LIGHT* will turn their inquiries in this direction.

PROPHETIC.—Writing in the "Hibbert Journal" Mr. J. A. R. Marriott points out that the well-known educationist, Mme. Montessori, said in 1913: "Europe is riding for a fall. A type of education which tends to develop the power of the intellect while omitting the systematic education of the character and the heart constitutes a menace to the whole of Europe; and the blow will fall with terrific force."

## FLIGHT AS A SYMBOL.

THE "DIM PERCEPTION OF A JOURNEY."

In the course of an alluring article on "The Mystery of the Aeroplane," a correspondent of the "Times" of the 8th inst. writes:—

The ship, the bird, the aeroplane is to us something more than itself; it expresses for us all the adventure of life, as it is expressed on the face of Michelangelo's Adam waking into life at the touch of God. The whole universe, and we as a conscious part of it, is making this voyage into the strange seas and spaces of the future, and about every moment of it there is something dark, "of the old sea some reverential fear." The bird in its lonely flight carries all our hearts with him, and that question we seem to ask about him we are really asking about ourselves, about the life of which we are a part. But when we see the bird or the ship or the aeroplane, it puts itself to us in terms of beauty. It is not a blind process that we are lost in against our wills, but a voyage with a haven somewhere. That purpose, which expresses itself so strangely in man's adventurous conquest of the air, is a purpose of all things. There we see not only man's unconquerable mind, but the mind of the universe; and the flight is beautiful to us, is a part of the beauty of the heavens, because it means all earth and heaven to us, and that relation between the two which is the relation between our own finite minds and infinity.

For though we are finite, yet we are aware of infinity as we are aware of the spaces of the sky; and we are making our own journey into infinity always as the aeroplane makes its journey into the spaces of the sky. It passes out of sight, and we cannot see where we at every moment are passing. It is our own souls and our own universal destiny that we watch with this reverential fear of the infinity that is always before us. The ship, the bird, the aeroplane are to us symbols that we choose naturally and without thought, so naturally that they seem to us not symbols but a very experience of our own, made visible and beautiful to us and so revealing its purpose and character. That is why we take delight in looking at these voyages. They heighten for us our sense of our own voyage, that it is a voyage to some home which we shall recognise when we reach it. Coleridge has said this, very beautifully and strangely, in a gloss to the Ancient Mariner about the movements of the stars, "that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival." That is what we desire the universe to be to us, and we are on a long voyage to a universe that shall be all our home. Never did we seem farther away from it than at this present moment; but even now our voyage becomes real to us, and no longer a mere blind wandering, when our minds are filled with the beauty and purpose of these things that move out of our sight into the unknown spaces of the sea and sky.

## SACRED IMAGES UNHARMED: ANOTHER STRANGE STORY.

Major Sawyer, formerly acting as Brighton inspector of the General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited, writing from "somewhere in France" to the London manager of that company, contributes another remarkable instance of the way in which the sacred images of religion seem to escape the destruction wrought by the Hun artillery. He writes that a 4.2 howitzer shell exploded in the centre of the roof of the building in which he was billeted:—

... Every ornament and picture in the place was smashed to atoms with two exceptions. There was on a little bracket a plaster model of Christ. This was left *intact*, and further there was a picture on the wall of the Virgin Mary holding Jesus in her arms. This was also *intact*.

"I am not what one would call religious," adds Major Sawyer, "but it makes one think!" He himself also escaped unhurt, although his battery, who saw the shot and its effect, felt at first quite certain that he could not have survived it.

"EVERY living thing, animal or plant, which lives by destruction always makes its environment worse for itself and its descendants.—E. KAY ROBINSON.

WAR is not a "biological necessity," but where the clear road of humanity is challenged by a monster it may become a religious duty.—HAROLD BEEBIE.



## OLD IDEAS OF THE SOUL.

Under the heading "The Nature of the Soul: Some Primitive Ideas," "The Hospital" for July 1st contains a digest of that portion of a paper recently contributed by Dr. Dan McKenzie to the Royal Society of Medicine in which the suggestion is advanced that the custom of tying a constricting band round one or more of the limbs with the intention of checking thereby not a local but a remote hæmorrhage, arose originally from a belief that the method in question was necessary to hinder the escape of the soul from the body. In support of this thesis allusion is made to the association quite early in human history of the word "soul" with the idea of a breath or spirit introduced into the body from without, the Bible account of the creation being quoted in evidence.

With such a supposition was widely associated the notion that the soul had a definite material existence—faint and shadowy, no doubt, but still at times visible, at least to the penetrating observer, and even reproducing the physical outlines of the body from which at death, and possibly on other occasions, it escaped. In mediæval prints may be seen in the representation of dying persons a small figure emerging from the mouth, and there are savage tribes where an endeavour is made to hinder death by obstruction of the mouth and nostrils. On a similar basis rests the view that sleep means the temporary absence of the soul from the body, and a kindred notion extends to states of unconsciousness, such as syncope, epilepsy, coma, and the rest. Treated artistically, this notion of a ghostly inhabitant on which the life and full activity of the body depend takes the form of some winged creature—a bird, a bee, a moth, or a butterfly. A step further leads to the recognition of such creatures as free or escaped human souls, and they have been "seen" to emerge from the waves on the sinking of a ship. . . . In short, in popular creed, in art, in poetry, and in philosophy is displayed a belief in this ghostly inhabitant of the body, the flight of which is one aspect of the event we term death.

The next step is to connect the escape of the soul with loss of blood. Such a notion may have arisen in several ways. As severe hæmorrhage produced death, and as death meant the escape of the soul, an easy conclusion was that the soul was contained in the blood. . . . Keep in the blood and you will keep in the soul was possibly a prehistoric lesson in first-aid. Once grant such a position and a ligature round the extremities in the hope of stopping bleeding from the nose or other part is not difficult to explain.

## VISIONS OR ILLUSIONS?

Writing in the "Daily Sketch" of the 29th ult., the Dublin correspondent of that journal says:—

The story that apparitions have been seen in the sky has been responsible for some remarkable scenes in Dublin for the past few nights after dark.

From about ten o'clock until after midnight crowds assemble in the streets in various parts of the city watching the night sky for a return of the phenomenon.

Rumours of the apparitions first began to be circulated in the city on Monday.

So far there are only three points in the city where the claim is made that the apparitions were seen on successive nights by scores of people. One of these is in the vicinity of Christchurch-place, on the south side of the Liffey, where some of the residents are said to have seen the figure of an angel hovering in the sky.

In the Ringsend district there is also a story of a similar visitation. The story goes that a policeman on his beat was one of the first to see the vision, and his six feet of too solid flesh was not equal to the strain. He fainted—so the local residents declare.

On the north side of the city, in the vicinity of Broadstone railway station and in the Dominick-street area, it is also emphatically declared that the vision was seen on Tuesday night between half-past ten and half-past eleven.

Stories differ as to the actual form of the apparition; in some cases, it is stated, the appearance was that of the Blessed Virgin and an angel; in others that it was an angel only. Whatever the origin of the story, it has made an extraordinary impression.

The majority of the people are inclined to scoff at the whole thing, but in the popular mind it is treated with a great deal of solemnity.

Sober-minded citizens are suggesting that an airship or aeroplane has flown at a great height over the city, thus giving rise to the whole story by aid of the fervid imagination of a few people.

## PHILOSOPHY AND DOUBT.

In the course of an inspirational address at the Reading Spiritual Mission, on the 13th inst., Mr. Percy R. Street said while the survival of man beyond the change of death was indubitably proved, and formed part of the evidential philosophy of Spiritualism, there was a speculative philosophy which became the prolific parent of doubt and perplexity. This arose from speculations incapable of proof which by continual repetition came at last to be received by the unthinking as valid conclusions. He referred especially to the many strange and conflicting theories of the nature of the life beyond, the result of a host of communicating intelligences of widely varying capacity endeavouring to express individual experiences in terms of physical life—practically an impossible task. But the divergences were in themselves more evidential of the survival of the human consciousness than if all the accounts given were uniform in character. The royal road to Truth in this as in other matters was simplicity. The great problems of the life here and hereafter would eventually be solved by explanations so simple that we should marvel they had never been thought of before, the fact being that they were overlooked by reason of their very simplicity and naturalness.

## THE AWAITING WONDER.

Life at every stage is a probation. The unborn infant is daily gaining strength to prepare it ultimately for its issue into the world. If it could think and reason during the long months of its pre-natal existence it might imagine that the life of which it has experience is the only life it will ever enjoy, and that the cataclysm of birth will mean for it annihilation. In the fullness of time it emerges into a world more wonderful and more beautiful than anything it ever dreamed of, an experience for which the previous months of its existence have been nothing more than a preparation. The sheltered years of infancy and childhood are a preparation for the joyous adventure of youth. The solstice of youth is a preparation for the fruition of manhood and womanhood; and the opulent days of manhood are a preparation for the reflective calm of old age. All through life, from its earliest dawn, each successive stage is a preparation and period of probation for the stage that is immediately to succeed it. No period of life is its own fulfilment, each stage is preparatory to the next. It is, therefore, altogether unlikely that this rule of life will break down at the end, and that the strenuous days a man has lived, the knowledge he has won, the character he has hammered out for himself on the anvil of experience, the personality he has built up, will go for nothing, and that the purpose of life is fulfilled by the year or two of tremulous senescence in which it often culminates. To believe this is to stultify ourselves. All life is a probation, and, beyond the barrier of death, I am confident that there awaits us a world as wonderful and as little dreamed of as that which awaits the unborn child beyond the gate of birth.

—"The Adventure of Death," by ROBERT W. MACKENNA.

HUMAN NATURE.—I speak with a fixed conviction that human nature is a noble and beautiful thing; not a foul nor a base thing. All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature; as a folly which may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted. And my wonder, even when things are at the worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain. Thinking it high, I find it always a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low, find it, and will find it, always, lower than they thought it; the fact being that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall; but the nature of it—and here is the faith which I would have you hold with me—the nature of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe.—RUSKIN.



## SIDELIGHTS.

"Vanoc" in the "Referee" of Sunday last writes: "As Napoleon constantly referred to his soothsayer, it is not surprising that messages from the spirit world in this crisis are being received by men engaged in public work. I have been the recipient of more than one message of this kind."

We are a little reminded of the "Wicked" Bible and its omission, by a printer's error, of the word "not" in an important moral injunction, by an article in the August "Nautilus," which after exhorting us to practise moderation proceeds to tell us that "moderation in anything spells slavery." Doubtless the sentence was intended to run "excess in anything spells slavery."

On the 5th inst. was issued at threepence from the Crystal Press, Ltd., 91, Regent-street, W., the first number of a new weekly magazine entitled "Active Service," the founder and prime mover of which is Mr. F. L. Rawson, whose name is well known to our readers in connection with his practice of mental healing and his convictions in regard to the elimination of trouble of all kinds by what he designates as "true prayer or scientific right thinking." In addition to several articles from Mr. Rawson's pen, the magazine, which is excellently produced, contains among other contributions a joint appreciation by Mr. H. N. Flewker and Mr. Rawson, of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce, and the first of a series by Mr. Eustace Miles on "The Real Meanings of some New Testament Words."

Mr. Ernest Clarke, of Ilkeston, writes to express his interest in the scheme suggested by Mr. Morris on p. 218 for the promotion of psychic science. The case related on the same page by a friend of Miss Lind-of-Hageby suggests (he thinks) the need for an organisation of the kind proposed. With regard to the collection of prophecies, if district associations could be formed for that purpose alone, and the prophecies were published by an authorised body, they would be given some standing in the public eye, and the movement would be spared much of the ridicule to which it is now subjected. Mr. Clarke is of the opinion that the scheme, if given a fair trial, would pave the way for the establishment of an International College, and thus meet a still larger need.

The writer of "A Londoner's Diary" in the "Evening Standard," in the course of some remarks on "The Spirit World," says: "I find that the war is gaining a good many converts to Spiritualism owing to the very natural desire of the kinsfolk of the fallen heroes to get into communication with them across the veil. Some clairvoyants of high reputation have had to decline the bearing of messages from dead soldiers owing, as one explained to me this week, to the fact that they may bring sudden and unexpected sorrow to close relations by conveying some message from the spirit of a soldier whose death has not yet been announced, and I am assured that there are many cases in which the clairvoyant knows long before the relations of the passing of a hero."

A correspondent says that he was recently greatly distressed in a dream by an overwhelming sense of the reality of matter and the lack of any corresponding evidence of the reality of spirit. It seemed in his dream that he was in an open field, and that he impatiently stamped upon the solid clay in his despair of obtaining any equally convincing proof of substantiality for anything except the actually material. The thought affected him so powerfully that he woke with a start to find his anxieties relieved by the immediate realisation that the substantiality of the matter which had so terrified him by its assertiveness was nothing but the veriest dream stuff. Are the sense impressions of our waking state, he asked himself, very much more reliable? Perhaps when we really awaken we shall answer "No." A critic of Spiritualism was quoted last week as holding that life after death is all dream. Is not Fechner's inverse doctrine more to the point—"Man lives not once, but three times: in the first (embryonic) state he sleeps, in the second he sleeps and wakes by turns, in the third he wakes for ever"?

You and I who are weaving on the looms of time the fabric of eternity will all have to experience our quota of the shades, the fires, the torments of hell—call them what you will—but God's last word ere the curtain drops is the seventh heaven with none left out. "But," says someone, "this is the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory." Oh, those labels! What care I whether it be Roman Catholic, Methodist or Unitarian, if only it helps me to live and gives me strength to die, and finds corroboration in my touch upon God and my experience of life? What does it matter whence it comes?—STANLEY RUSSELL in the "Christian Commonwealth."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents and frequently publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views which may elicit discussion. In every case the letter must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

## The Problem of Tuberculosis.

SIR,—As most of the advanced thinkers of to-day are interested in the success of the sanatorium treatment of consumption, but are compelled to acknowledge that somehow or other it has not fulfilled the expectations fondly entertained a few years ago, it behoves everyone who is desirous of promoting public health to inquire into the matter and try to find out the cause. There is a danger that sanatorium treatment, as at present carried on, will degenerate into a more or less hypothetical "rest cure," which is good enough in its way, but not sufficient to cope with the ravages of consumption. This will usher in a new vogue in sera, vaccines, anti-toxins and goodness knows what other abominations in the way of treatment. As a matter of fact, it is now openly acknowledged that without some kind of adjunct in the shape of tuberculin, &c., the open-air cure is not enough. The experience of both patients and doctors will confirm this. Every week I get letters from sufferers who have been to sanatoria without deriving the benefit they had hoped. Only this morning I received a letter to this effect: "I am now twenty-one, and for the past two years I have been suffering from phthisis, and have been receiving sanatorium treatment for the greater part of the period of my illness, but have not made any headway against the disease."

The writer goes on to describe the symptoms of his early childhood—symptoms which invariably precede the actual onset of the white scourge. I have explained the whole theory in the little book, "New Light on Consumption," and the more I see of life and health and disease the more absolutely certain I am that that theory is correct. Consequently the practice based upon that theory is the best for the treatment of consumption, for it will do more in a given time than anything else, inasmuch as it goes directly to the real cause—insufficient amount of oxygen in the tuberculous organism. As several readers of LIGHT have asked for a few practical hints for carrying on the methods at home, and as my spare time is limited, I think it will be better to publish them in LIGHT for the benefit of all.

I will summarise the main principles as succinctly as possible:—

1. Consumption is primarily due to insufficient quantity of air.
2. This is due in turn to nasal congestion, bad formation of chest, and other causes that lower the general tone of the system, such as bad heredity, insufficient food, unhygienic conditions. But it can be taken as an axiom that consumption can never invade an organism in which the breathing is full, free, and unimpeded.
3. In all treatment the grand aim is to promote full and easy breathing at all times and places.
4. The first thing to do is to attend to the nose in order to make the breathing through the nostrils as easy as possible. recommend no breathing exercises of any kind till the nostrils are fairly free. The reason for this caution is that the organ strain is increased at a time when the patient cannot afford it. As the nostrils become freed from congestion the breathing automatically improves. Treatment of the nose is the crux of the problem, and requires long training to do it well. But the beginner cannot go wrong if he faithfully carries out the following directions.
5. For five to ten minutes with the tips of the fingers stroke the nose downwards from root to tip. Then for another five to ten minutes draw the fingers sideways from the ridge of the nose, varying the movement with gentle manipulation and tapping. Twice or three times a day wash the nostrils well so as to cleanse them of mucus and impurities.
6. After the nostrils are in good working order attention should be paid to the chest to get it as supple and pliable as possible, in order to render lung expansion easy.
7. Intelligent attention to these fundamental principles will do more to rid the human race of consumption and promote a more healthy and virile breed of men, women and children than all the drugs or sera that have ever been or will be concocted.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

94, Park-street,  
Grosvenor-square, W.  
August 9th, 1916.



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3. How the Masters of the Christ Spheres have, do, and will guide in the new age the Pentecostal Spirit Return Movement.
4. The work of the ordained officers of the Pentecostal Spirit Return Movement among the nations.
5. How to develop your gifts for the Father's service, that the Pentecostal Spirits may use you as a messenger of Truth to the sons of men.
6. The hindrance to the advancement of the teaching and acceptance of Spirit Return by and through the merchandise of developed gifts.
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8. Whose work is the Pentecostal Spirit Return Movement?
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10. How the Pentecostal Spirit Return Movement will prepare some of the sons and daughters of the sons of men in the nations for the Prince of Peace.
11. The sword of the Prince of Peace is, was, and ever more shall be, Truth.
12. The Christ is the manifestation of our Father, whom men call God; therefore He was and is the Prince of Peace.
13. The midnight of this age is now. Behold, He cometh! the light to show nations the way back to Justice, Truth, and Right—the Father.
14. The Masters of the Christ Spheres, their call. The harvest will be greater than the seed.
15. Truth records for the ages preserved by Truth, of every thought, deed, desire and act of all the sons and daughters of men, as revealed by the Masters of the Christ Spheres.
16. How Prophets and Prophecies are made by the angels of our Father's presence.
17. The voice of Truth is heard through and by the priesthood of right.
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34. The nations losing their way, their wanderings in the midnight darkness of the age.
35. War is Hell and destruction let loose.
36. Who can and will teach the nations how to save us no more?
37. The rejoicing of the Angels of our Father's presence by beating of swords into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks.
38. The God of the nations giving its subjects their hearts' desire.
39. He is to teach the nations the Brotherhood of the Race?
40. Can a false priesthood teach of the Fatherhood of Angels and Men, and of His wisdom who guides all worlds, clothes, suns, moons, stars, heavens, and heavens of heavens, and who in this earth school (and only but one of His many schools) grows His corn, fruits, grass and trees, and feeds His creatures, beast, bird and fish out of the hollow of His hand? For know, O ye sons of men, that our Father is not man or angel.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

In one of Neil Munro's Highland stories there is an account of a fight between two men of different clans. One is killed, and when questioned afterwards as to the whereabouts of the slain man the victor replies briefly, "He has gone travelling." To those unacquainted with the Gaelic this would seem like an evasion of the question by one who desired to conceal the truth. But we have no doubt that the phrase used would have been *shìubhail e*—"he has gone on a journey," i.e., he has left the earth. For, significantly enough, in the old Gaelic speech the phrase used to indicate the death of a man was not the same as that which denoted the death of one of the lower animals. The animal died, but the man "changed" or "went on a journey." The Gaels knew intuitively (as did the other primitive races who lived the life of Nature) that the dead man was not extinguished but had simply gone elsewhere. As the artificial life of civilisation came in, men lost touch with these natural intimations of immortality, and the mind became concentrated on the purely physical aspects of things. It was as though the dingy walls of the cities shut out not only the spectacle of natural scenery, but the vision of a higher world.

"Elements of Folk Psychology," by Wilhelm Wundt (Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 15s. net), is a translation, very ably performed, by Professor Schaub, of the Northwestern University (Illinois), of an important work of the author mentioned. It is descriptive rather than argumentative; its aim, in fact, is to present a historical account of the evolution of folk-psychology from the earliest times, and in that respect it is a storehouse of information on folk-lore, tribal practices and religious rites and ceremonies from the earliest ages to the present day. It is representative of the class of work in which we are well content that the Teuton shall be *facile princeps*—the plodding industry of accumulating and organising facts. That he shall be unable to appreciate their spiritual significance or animate them with the fires of the imagination is of no great importance. He at least provides the fuel to which the torch shall in due time be applied. The appearance of the book just now indicates a firm confidence in some quarters that knowledge has no country. It is a monument of patient industry, and a contribution to systematised knowledge, the value of which, even in these days when racial passions are excited to the utmost, will doubtless be admitted by the impartial mind of the scholar.

In writing of "The Belief in Souls and a World

Beyond," Professor Wundt, in the book referred to in the previous Note, observes it as a significant fact that wherever we can trace their development at all, the ideas of a world beyond, as expressed in religion, poetry and philosophy, follow a definite and orderly course. He sees that there is an evolution of mind as well as of forms. He also alights—doubtless with no particular consciousness of its inner meaning—on the idea of two great laws in religious development—knowledge and feeling. Those we know as the two principles at the base of all human evolution—the Feminine or Love principle, the Masculine or Wisdom principle. The author illustrates them in the case of Christianity (knowledge) and Buddhism (feeling), and shows, by the way, a true conception of the meaning of Nirvana—not oblivion but the eternal rest of the soul. And his book concludes with the statement that

When freed from its original mythological and teleological connections, the general conception of a history of mankind developed during [past] centuries has given clear definition to the idea of humanity in its most universal form.

Unfortunately this conception, according to the author, has been "subsumed under the principle that law is immanent in all history." That is the deadly error which has led the author's nation so terribly astray. There are two laws—one of them is the disregarded Law of Love. When the Law of Wisdom has been learned through fire and slaughter, the other law will emerge into new expression. Its eclipse is but temporary.

"Europeans and Other Race Origins," by Herbert Bruce Hannay (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., 21s. net), is a study of ethnology "writ large," for it makes an appeal to esoteric teachings concerning root races with some allusion to Lemuria and Atlantis, and may therefore excite hostility in orthodox students, for these are vexed questions. Of special interest at this time is the author's statement that the age-long belief of the Germans that they are blood relations of the English is an illusion:—

... the Prussians and they only are the Teutons [and] under neither of these names can this people be considered as of Skuthic or Germanic origin ... their relationship to the British is based solely on the fact that Ishmael's father was Abraham.

Again, we read that "the Germans and their Junker Over-lords are simply an inrush into Humanity of undeveloped Group Souls." These quotations will convey some idea of the author's outlook. The book is closely packed with facts and conclusions drawn apparently from a wide and deep study of the subject—the authorities cited are varied and numerous. The validity of some of the claims made by the author is rather a matter for the experts in the subject. Doubtless they will afford material for discussion and controversy. If the author's theories are well-founded—and he frankly admits that his point of view is not a conventional one—there will have to be a general re-casting of old ideas and systems. And that seems not undesirable. Of curious interest, it may be added, are the



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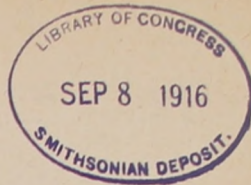
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No. 1,859.—VOL. XXXVI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1916. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

In one of Neil Munro's Highland stories there is an account of a fight between two men of different clans. One is killed, and when questioned afterwards as to the whereabouts of the slain man the victor replies briefly, "He has gone travelling." To those unacquainted with the Gaelic this would seem like an evasion of the question by one who desired to conceal the truth. But we have no doubt that the phrase used would have been *shuibhail e*—"he has gone on a journey," i.e., he has left the earth. For, significantly enough, in the old Gaelic speech the phrase used to indicate the death of a man was not the same as that which denoted the death of one of the lower animals. The animal died, but the man "changed" or "went on a journey." The Gaels knew intuitively (as did the other primitive races who lived the life of Nature) that the dead man was not extinguished but had simply gone elsewhere. As the artificial life of civilisation came in, men lost touch with these natural intimations of immortality, and the mind became concentrated on the purely physical aspects of things. It was as though the dingy walls of the cities shut out not only the spectacle of natural scenery, but the vision of a higher world.

"Elements of Folk Psychology," by Wilhelm Wundt (Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 15s. net), is a translation, very ably performed, by Professor Schaub, of the Northwestern University (Illinois), of an important work of the author mentioned. It is descriptive rather than argumentative; its aim, in fact, is to present a historical account of the evolution of folk-psychology from the earliest times, and in that respect it is a storehouse of information on folk-lore, tribal practices and religious rites and ceremonies from the earliest ages to the present day. It is representative of the class of work in which we are well content that the Teuton shall be *facile princeps*—the plodding industry of accumulating and organising facts. That he shall be unable to appreciate their spiritual significance or animate them with the fires of the imagination is of no great importance. He at least provides the fuel to which the torch shall in due time be applied. The appearance of the book just now indicates a firm confidence in some quarters that knowledge has no country. It is a monument of patient industry, and a contribution to systematised knowledge, the value of which, even in these days when racial passions are excited to the utmost, will doubtless be admitted by the impartial mind of the scholar.

In writing of "The Belief in Souls and a World

Beyond," Professor Wundt, in the book referred to in the previous Note, observes it as a significant fact that wherever we can trace their development at all, the ideas of a world beyond, as expressed in religion, poetry and philosophy, follow a definite and orderly course. He sees that there is an evolution of mind as well as of forms. He also alights—doubtless with no particular consciousness of its inner meaning—on the idea of two great laws in religious development—knowledge and feeling. Those we know as the two principles at the base of all human evolution—the Feminine or Love principle, the Masculine or Wisdom principle. The author illustrates them in the case of Christianity (knowledge) and Buddhism (feeling), and shows, by the way, a true conception of the meaning of Nirvana—not oblivion but the eternal rest of the soul. And his book concludes with the statement that

When freed from its original mythological and teleological connections, the general conception of a history of mankind developed during [past] centuries has given clear definition to the idea of humanity in its most universal form.

Unfortunately this conception, according to the author, has been "subsumed under the principle that law is immanent in all history." That is the deadly error which has led the author's nation so terribly astray. There are *two* laws—one of them is the disregarded Law of Love. When the Law of Wisdom has been learned through fire and slaughter, the other law will emerge into new expression. Its eclipse is but temporary.

"Europeans and Other Race Origins," by Herbert Bruce Hannay (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., 21s. net), is a study of ethnology "writ large," for it makes an appeal to esoteric teachings concerning root races with some allusion to Lemuria and Atlantis, and may therefore excite hostility in orthodox students, for these are vexed questions. Of special interest at this time is the author's statement that the age-long belief of the Germans that they are blood relations of the English is an illusion:—

... the Prussians and they only are the Teutons [and] under neither of these names can this people be considered as of Sküthic or Germanic origin ... their relationship to the British is based solely on the fact that Ishmael's father was Abraham.

Again, we read that "the Germans and their Junker Over-lords are simply an inrush into Humanity of undeveloped Group Souls." These quotations will convey some idea of the author's outlook. The book is closely packed with facts and conclusions drawn apparently from a wide and deep study of the subject—the authorities cited are varied and numerous. The validity of some of the claims made by the author is rather a matter for the experts in the subject. Doubtless they will afford material for discussion and controversy. If the author's theories are well-founded—and he frankly admits that his point of view is not a conventional one—there will have to be a general re-casting of old ideas and systems. And that seems not undesirable. Of curious interest, it may be added, are the



author's remarks on Atlantis. He quotes Dr. Le Plongeon (whose work will be known to many of our readers) as authority for the statement that "the Greek alphabet is actually a narrative enshrining the memory of the destruction of Atlantis or Mû."

### THE SEPARATED THINGS.

Part of the world-movement of to-day consists in uniting some of the "separated things" of life. In an article in one of the American magazines a vigorous writer deals with what he calls the "ethics of the air" and the "ethics of the dust." His contention is that ideals and standards of right living have been kept too much apart from the common things of life. They have constituted a kind of "Sunday parlour," kept sacred for special occasions. That the idea of sanctity symbolised by the parlour ought to be part of the daily life of the human family never seemed to enter into the minds of those trained to the belief that there should be a sharp division between the sacred and the sordid. The "ethics of the air"—religion and philosophy—appeared to give one set of rules, the "ethics of the dust"—the lessons of daily contact with harsh realities—quite another. Yet, as he shows, life in its practical aspects teaches all the lessons of the highest morality. There is no need to "bring down" the divine things—it is rather a matter of training the minds of the submerged to see that divinity is in the dust as well as in the air; that religion is not a "floating vapour" but a matter of hard fact. Our author, indeed, is sarcastic at the expense of the aerial ethics, and on the question of bringing them down to the comprehension of the masses he writes:—

We hear everywhere of bringing this and that good thing down to the unfortunate and debased, and then of *adapting* it to the taste and comprehension of these same unfortunate and debased. Thus at the present moment a so-called evangelist [the reference no doubt is to Mr. Billy Sunday, the American sensational preacher], who is touring the country, is accounted thoroughly successful in "bringing the Gospel to the masses"; and his method is to couch his message in language that would make a cowboy blush. He has reached the masses indeed, but has not the "Gospel" become somewhat unrecognisably transformed during this descent? It seems to me a palpable fact that every form of philanthropy and "social service" to-day is more or less infected with this fallacy. The idea is everywhere to bring the good *down*, in the false hope that this will somehow lift the masses up. But why shall anything strive upwards when all that is high is bidden to descend? And is it not a striking and ominous fact that to-day the word "aspire" is never heard?

The egregious ethics of the air have produced other tangible and all-pervading consequences. Since "ethics" is such a floating vapour, many sober-minded persons conclude, and not illogically, that it is quite apart from the practical conduct of life, and they lead their lives accordingly. Thus the Teutonic races, in their vigorous fashion, have codified this conclusion. Ethics, they explicitly say, have no part to play in politics and statecraft; these are a science, and they deal solely with realities. This science is *Realpolitik*, the Politics of Reality. The effect of such a doctrine when put in practice is now being written on the pages of the world's history in letters that even he who runs may read. And similarly, the world over, it tends to be held by high and low that the scientific attitude *supercedes* the ethical. The ethics of the air are indeed effete.

It is another and a welcome reminder that at heart Science and Religion are the same thing, and cannot be kept separated except to the detriment of human welfare. And it has a close application to the subject with which *LIGHT* is concerned—that subject which beginning with raps, levitations and other undignified but highly scientific matters, merges at last into a great world-vision of a humanity united as one family in the knowledge that life is a great spiritual experience in which all, from the atom to the angel, are linked together, all the laws blending at last into the one Law of Love, and all the lives into the one Life of God.

LET not the dark hours be the only ones you count; try always to be like the sundial, that only counts the bright ones.  
—CARMEN SYLVA.

### SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT AND POVERTY.

BY W. H. EVANS.

One of the ironies of life is the way in which the world, with supreme indifference, condemns its great souls to a life of struggle and suffering. The world acts as though it were necessary to subject its finer and more sensitive spirits to the pressure of adverse circumstances; as if this were the only way in which it could get the real aroma of a good and perfect life. "Purified through suffering," "Refined as pure gold in the fires of affliction," "Purged of its dross in the fires of sorrow"—how many phrases have been coined to express this idea! And where we find it is so, we must needs ask ourselves what is the connection between adversity and spiritual development? Is there no other way whereby the spirit may attain the Alps of spiritual development than that of patient suffering? Nay, does not our simile imply labour? For how can the mountain be climbed without labour? How scale those peaks of spiritual discernment without suffering?

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Thus it passes into current speech and we accept it; sometimes with sadness, but mostly with indifference.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil show it to be evidently a very great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune." It is only the poor man who knows the suffering, the degradation, the sorrow, the sense of impotence, the cruelty, of poverty. For you must remember that there are grades of poverty, and the worst of all is that kind which is summed up in the phrase, "doing without." And when you have gone through the mill and experienced it you will be able to understand the fear that many have of poverty. For it means a restricted life, a limitation of interests, a warping of the mind, and a stunting of the soul. Do the poor love poverty? Nay, they hate it. Do they recognise it as a dire necessity? Yes, perchance; but do they not always, where any spirit of combat remains, seek to escape from it? Only the great ones can fare forth into the world and voluntarily adopt poverty. And is not their poverty more apparent than real? How incomparably rich was Jesus when he spoke of having nowhere to lay his head! Was there in all the world at that time one who was richer, who possessed more real wealth? Is not that which people speak of as wealth merely illth? as Ruskin would say—no true possession in the sense that it *belongs* to the real man, but a mere appanage which can, and may be shed; nay, which adversity may take away? There is a radical distinction between holding a thing and possessing it. Real poverty is not merely the absence of the material things of life, it is something more than that; it is the absence of any sense of spiritual need, of which the outward poverty is frequently—though not always—the symbol. Necessity hath its part in the economy of life; that larger economy which deals with the growth of spiritual beings. And unless one passes through the school of necessity and battles with adversity, he cannot comprehend the position of him who is struggling and fighting his way through to the light.

It is, perhaps, given to few to recognise the value of the struggle while they are in the midst of it. Those who pass through will often proclaim—as George Gissing did in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"—"I would not have missed it." It does seem strange that such good should ultimately come out of it all; but its universality demonstrates it to be one of the chief ways to spiritual emancipation. Ease often begets selfishness. The humanities are nowhere practised as they are among the poor. Sorrow tempers, as sympathy sweetens, life. Among the poor you will daily witness acts of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, performed without any thought of their spiritual significance or worth. It is one of the brightest of the jewels conferred upon those who are



plunged into the maelstrom of modern industrialism. But, with all that, I think that there is a better way.

All outward conditions are expressions of spiritual qualities. Civilisation registers the spiritual development of the race. It reveals how much of the spirit and how much of the brute is manifest. There is no more tragic sight than the poverty-stricken rich man—the man whose whole energies have been concentrated to mere money-getting; who holds, but does not possess; who does not know of the real life of his fellows, and whose spirit, warped in the battles he has fought to add to his store, judges all men by one standard, and that the lowest. There is here a very real poverty of life, of thought, of soul.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The things of the world demand a price, and sometimes the price demanded is higher than they are really worth. There is no poverty like poverty of soul. But mark how doubled-edged is the law. At one end you have those whose life is devoted to mere gain, who become rich, who have all the outward show of abundance, who are looked up to as the successful, and who win all this by a loss of real spiritual riches: at the other end you have those who possess none of the outward trappings of wealth, who yet have real spiritual riches. Of course there are exceptions, many of them, but in a broad sense it is true. So closely are we interrelated that one cannot suffer an injustice without its reacting upon the whole.

If, then, our outward life, which we speak of as our civilisation, is an outgrowth of the spirit, it is evident that we must cultivate the right habits of thought, the right poise of mind. If our eyes were opened to see the inner life of nations, should we not be appalled? The ugliness, the sordidness, the dreary monotony of our manufacturing towns would be seen to be rooted in ugly, sordid, dreary selfishness—to be the natural product of a self-centred life, the flowering of a weed which has spread over all our life, choking the growth of the larger spiritual graces. For while you have patience, humility, sympathy and self-sacrifice among the poor, would they not be even more beautiful in their expression in more congenial surroundings? For as action and reaction are always equal, the creation of beautiful cities would result in the continual unfolding of beautiful lives. But the weight of a compulsory poverty often prevents the due expression of the soul. For where life is one continued grind from morning to night, with, in many cases, total absence of leisure, how can the soul expand? As we expect that the flowers in an untended garden will maintain their power and purity. As we keep our gardens free from weeds, so should we endeavour to keep our lives free from all hindering conditions.

The tendency of spiritual development is towards a recognition of the fewness of our wants; of limiting life to actual needs. But that does not mean merely the needs of the body, but those of the mind and spirit. When the Buddha left behind all the wealth and honour of his position, he fared forth to find that which was greater in value than many kingdoms. There is nothing so valuable as truth, and, sooner or later, every soul must go on the quest to find that which it really needs. For truth is the life of the soul, the true sustenance without which all is barrenness and death. It is truth alone which gives freedom. It is the undeviating line leading straight from the heart of man to God. But how "strait is the gate," and how "narrow the way," and how "few there be that find it." Even so, the gate opens to him who knocks, the way is found by him who seeks, and there is more freedom for the spirit in the narrow way of truth than in the broader thoroughfares of the world. And entering that way, the devotee realises how few are his bodily needs, and in that realisation he is happy.

The things of the world are now seen in their true perspective. Whether it be in the mean slum or in the mansion, the spirit discerns beneath all externals the core of reality, the pearl of great price, the truth that makes free. It measures all things by one standard, judges all by one law, the standard of truth and the law of justice. Why is the spirit fixed in any one sphere or set of circumstances? Because it is the right place for it to be, because there alone and not otherwise can it get just those conditions necessary for its development. And in the interplay of sympathy and of love, it is the privilege

and joy of those who have passed that way to understand, to alleviate, and to help to a fuller freedom. Thus the work of spiritual emancipation goes on concurrently with the emancipation from the harshness of physical conditions. When the spirit realises its power it plants its standard high, and, rooted in the truth, defies all circumstances. The way may be rough, even dark and lonely, but in the heart ever shines the star of progress, ever is there the song of the glorious to-morrow. And as the way winds round the Mountain of Endeavour, so does the spirit win for itself the laurels of victory over self.

And that is what poverty often, though not always, helps the spirit to attain. Society is an organism, subject to the law of evolutionary unfoldment; and as the spiritual consciousness of the race quickens, so will it respond more and more to the finer vibrations of the spirit. The purifying and winnowing is painful, but it leads to the greater joys. The whole history of spiritual development is that of the growth of the spirit from poverty of thought and mind to power of soul and richness of spirit. The outward life is not the real life. That is but the cinematographic show, the moving picture which represents life but which is not life.

There is a world of wisdom in the sentence, "Be still and know that I am God." For as Jesus said, "This is life eternal, that ye know God." Eternal life is a qualitative and not a quantitative life. It bespeaks infinite wealth. Its absence at once reveals the real poverty—the poverty which in its effects is as damaging to the soul as the poverty which deprives the body of sustenance. From this poverty we have to emancipate ourselves. Only by labour, which is "the law of increase of life," can we ordinarily do so. But there is a quicker way for those who are bold, who are willing to abandon their hold upon the things of the world. It is the way that all will adopt sooner or later. In the literature of psychology there are many stories of conversion. You will find that in all cases the converted man does not realise the newness of life or experience the cleansing power of the Spirit until he abandons his hold upon the things of the world. As long as there is a clinging to the lesser self, there can be no discovery of the higher self. There is here a principle involved. The close holding of the things of the world bars the door to the possession of the real life, and thus keeps the spirit poor. So that the way to life, and of life, necessitates an abandonment of things temporal. "He that loses his life shall find it."

And now a word in conclusion. The superficial may infer that I am endeavouring to justify the present state of things. Because poverty abounds is no reason why it should always be. But while there is poverty of spiritual life in the people you will have poverty of material life. They are bound up more closely than many imagine. But this does not mean that we must sit supinely by and do nothing. That would involve a deterioration of the already awakened spirit. Healthy spiritual life can only be maintained by a constant interchange of spiritual energies. Consequently one recognises the necessity of endeavouring to awaken those who slumber. And it is not only the poor who need that awakening, the rich need it as much as any. For abundance of life can only come to them through the emancipation of the poor—they cannot enjoy the fulness of life until there are no poor. As we realise this we shall see that while poverty is an evil it is so because it has a deeper origin than is usually assigned to it. For of the poverty-stricken spirit it can truly be said, "in the midst of life it is in death"—dead in trespasses and sins. The resurrection must come, the sleeper be awakened; and if by no other way, then by the scourgings of circumstance, the pinch of poverty. "For there is a city whose builder and maker is God," and every spirit is destined to reach that city. How, then, can the spirit who has entered upon the path of emancipation rest content with his own welfare, when he remembers the multitude who yet wander in the wilderness? He cannot; for his love for mankind is as a consuming fire, and he would warm every fellow being at the fire of his own hearth. Hence his labour, hence his joy.

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THE truth is always the strongest argument.



OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 26TH, 1916.

## Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

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### MEN AND THINGS.

LIGHT has many times in the past had occasion to rebuke those shallow critics of psychic science who oppose it on the ground of its dangers, and who quote with gusto some isolated instance of injury wrought by reckless tampering with its forces. It seemed the merest platitude to reply that nothing is either good or bad in itself, but only in the degree in which it is used or misused. It is strange that, as "M.A. (Oxon)" would say, people with heads on their shoulders and brains in their heads should talk so inanely. Often we are inclined to suspect that some of those who offer this argument are quite well aware of its weakness. They rely on the tendency of the crowd to be deceived by specious reasoning. But independent thinking has grown tremendously of late years. Claptrap has no longer its old power to deceive, and many a truth has flourished more through the attacks of its enemies than the zealous support of its friends. The man who comes before the Court of Public Opinion nowadays with an indictment against any person or thing must have a reasonably good case or he will be put out of countenance in a moment. We recall the time when it was possible publicly to defend luxury and extravagance on the ground that they caused money to circulate and gave employment to thousands. That would be impossible to-day in any intelligent gathering—the orator would be speedily reminded by his audience that such abuses could not be thus defended, inasmuch as they robbed the general community of the services of the workers in the interests of a few, to say nothing of the moral deterioration occasioned to those who practised them. A good cause to-day advances not only by its own virtues but by the growth of the intelligence necessary to appreciate them.

But not everywhere has the intelligence of the public yet risen to the height of the argument. We noted recently in an American contemporary a long article in reference to a question discussed in some Continental and English journals as to whether the blessings of applied-Science atone for its horrors. There was much allusion to the terrible engines of destruction devised by Science for the carrying on of a war like the present one, and the presentation, *per contra*, of its inventions for mitigating those horrors and of advancing human welfare in other directions. On a review of the whole position it was concluded that the blessings of Science outweighed its evils. As a merely academic argument, weighing the advantages of a thing against its disadvantages, the discussion was well

enough, although a little time-wasting except as an exercise for the reasoning faculties. Life for most of us to-day is too fully occupied to permit of attention to any but really vital and central issues. And the vital issue to-day is the Man, not the Thing. Things, to quote Emerson, have been long enough "in the saddle." It is time that mankind refused to be ridden by them any longer. Long ago the wisdom of our ancestors was expressed in the form of a caustic proverb regarding the bad workman who quarrelled with his tools. In the light of modern intelligence the old adage is capable of an immensely wider application. It applies to the whole arena of human life. Heaven save us if the future of humanity depends on anything except the wise application of its own powers! This is why we instinctively distrust codes, creeds, spiritual, mental or physical nostrums of any kind when they are offered as universal panaceas—it may be a special doctrine or a special diet. We see in the best of them only something of partial and relative value, fulfilling some human need and only worthy of respect in so far as it fulfils that need. When we are told of some creed—religious or scientific—that has been a curse to humanity, we inquire who formulated the creed and who applied it. Was it made by man to be employed by men, or did it fall like a thunderbolt amongst a flock of poor innocent sheep? There is only one answer, and those who appreciate that answer will realise that the true way of human advance is by the cultivation of intelligence in every department of life, in the individual and in the race. And the awakening of intelligence will mean a gradual emancipation from the domination of things and their reduction to their proper place as the servants of mankind. We who stand for the spiritual nature of man and offer demonstrations of the fact may claim an important part in applying the educative forces of life to the awakening of intelligence. The spiritual nature of man is a central truth with infinite possibilities in the direction of securing that lordship of life which is the heritage of humanity when it is sufficiently advanced to enter into its kingdom. But we shall sadly mistake our mission if we claim it as the whole and not a part (however important) of the agencies by which world-harmony is to be achieved.

### THE TEST OF INSPIRATION.

A legitimate objection can be raised concerning the claim to speak in the name of truth. How is the average individual to know whether the claim is genuine or not? How can the false prophets, who prophesy falsely and say wrongly that the truth has inspired them, be distinguished from the true prophets? If implicit faith or belief cannot be accorded, what guarantee can be offered to the lover of truth?

There is a real criterion by which the mind can discriminate between the true and the false, even when it has not reached anywhere near the third degree of meditation; and that is simply the racial common sense. The genuine revelations that come from the heights of the third degree never contradict the ordinary reason, for they always increase, not diminish, the light that already exists in the darkness of matter.

If, therefore, anyone in any age, at any place, professes to be inspired and then talks downright nonsense, it can unhesitatingly be taken for granted that it is due not to inspiration and revelation from on high, but to the mental derangement of the person himself.

—"Meditation," by ARTHUR LOVELL.

[The "third degree" of meditation Mr. Lovell describes as that stage which corresponds to "inspiration" and "revelation of truth."]

It is not the shackle on the wrist that constitutes a slave: it is the loss of self-respect.



## THE DIRECT VOICE: HOW IS IT PRODUCED?

AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE.

By N. G. S.

As a contribution to the problem of the method and mechanism of the Direct Voice, the solution discussed in the leading article of *LIGHT* for August 5th has rather strong claims to attention. But no explanations from a spirit source have any authoritative value unless supported and buttressed by evidence otherwise obtained, for the simple reason that even when they are not, as is generally the case, incomprehensible nonsense, they cancel out one against another in a way that an example or two will serve to demonstrate:—

We make a rough approximation to a larynx out of floating particles of matter in the room . . .	We externalise the necessary organs from the medium and control them . . .	We do not materialise a throat or any physical organ; we materialise the voice . . .
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I am unable to decide which is more credible—a materialised voice, or speech by means of a rough approximation to a larynx. This failure of the spirit operators to give us any useful help is most perplexing, and has never been satisfactorily accounted for. In our search for a theory we are left to our own devices, and must ignore even "Mr. Murphy," whose solution is referred to above, while we extract what hints we can from the phenomena themselves. The evidence presented here has been collected from various sources—i.e., from many sances with various mediums. It is arranged in groups for clearness, and the assumption is made that the method is similar, if not identical, in all cases.

1. My first and chief witness is the spirit "Znippy." At a certain séance "Znippy" appears gradually building up; his features are seen in the process of forming. When complete he speaks, and as he speaks his lips and facial muscles are clearly observed to move. "He exhibited in speaking the same facial action as that caused by speech from anyone of us."

2. The trumpet is laid carefully against the knee of one of the circle "as though very deft fingers were at work." Notes from a mandolin and violin are heard in response to the touch of spirit hands. A warm, soft hand is felt. A spirit is seen carrying around flowers. A "child" *blows through the trumpet*.

3. The voices are said frequently to resemble that of the medium, whose grammar and phraseology also are recognised. The right word cannot apparently be found, and another has to be substituted. "M. E." finds his voice disappear while the spirit speaks and return when he ceases, "with a dry, crackling sensation." "J.'s" voice becomes husky. "Znippy" says they use the organs of the medium in a way he cannot explain, but they do not speak through her organism [? physical body]. An experiment with "Znippy" is very suggestive. He has just said that he used the breath of the sitters. Asked if he can make use of the breath of a gentleman present (a certain learned Professor who stammered), he says he does not know, but will try. Presently he is stammering in the exact professorial manner and protests, to excuse his rudeness, that he did not know what the result would be. He often asks the medium to stop talking, showing that she is interfering with his use of her voice.

4. On almost every occasion several voices are heard speaking at once.

5. A difficulty in pronouncing surnames is frequently noticed; the effort may even cause the trumpet to drop.

That is enough for my purpose. From all this evidence a picture emerges of spirits walking about the room, plucking the strings of guitars, carrying flowers and musical boxes, touching the sitters with soft hands, blowing through trumpets and speaking with lips that move exactly like our own. That is what we should see had we the right vision. Not having it we must use the eye of imagination, and, with this picture in our minds, ask ourselves how the voice is produced. Is it through some mechanism improvised by "manipulating the waves of the ether" to form a sort of gramophone, or collecting "floating particles of matter" to form a sort of larynx? I think not. The production of speech is the result of an

adjustment of organs and muscles so exceedingly complicated and so nicely exact that no contrivance invented, either in this world or the next, could conceivably be used to imitate the effect of the give and take of natural conversation, and no "externalised" and isolated larynx or thorax could be so operated. Only a brain using its proper instrument through its own nerves can be thought of as the agent of the direct voice.

That being conceded, our problem is narrowed down to this: Whose body, brain and vocal apparatus are used? Ordinary physical bodies being out of the question, we are limited in our speculations to bodies of a different order of matter, which must belong either (a) to the communicating intelligence or (b) to the medium or one of the circle. We dismiss (a) at once because most of our difficulties will remain, and at this point we may profitably remind ourselves of the solution presented by a spirit and discussed in *LIGHT*, which I take the liberty of condensing somewhat:—

As our medium forces his astral body out, I by the law of suggestion put it in motion and cause it to pick up the trumpet or any object I desire to move. Through the same law of suggestion I cause it to take on my personality, and present myself to you as an individual apart [? distinct] from the personality of the medium. As your friends desire to reach you I step aside and they one by one use the astral body. It may assume any identity that is strong enough to use it: this accounts for the different tone productions. The words "spoken" by the spirits are first thought [by them] and vibrated upon the vocalisation [? vocal chords] of the astral body, which in turn vibrates within the larynx of the medium. This is why the vibration may be felt by those in touch [? rapport] with the medium.

The importance of this statement lies in the introduction of the medium's astral body; but we need not accept it *in toto*, nor suppose it to be the universal method. For my own part I think it makes too high a claim for "the law of suggestion." It might suffice in some cases but could hardly account for the lifelike behaviour of many of these "direct-voice" spirits. I turn for further light to the chapter on Materialisation in Mr. McKenzie's "Spirit Interchange." According to him, in the manufacture of materialisations which talk and move and are the exact counterpart of the physical body, the "soul" of the medium is ejected by passes made by a spirit operator, and psycho-plastic matter is drawn from him. This is applied to the soul and moulded upon it, the result being what I may call a "reinforced" soul—a soul solidified and thereby enabled to come into contact with our plane. It is not, however, controlled by suggestion but by the communicating spirit entering in and taking possession—a far more effective control. We thus have two souls (or astral bodies) occupying the same space and reinforced by the same psycho-plastic matter—*two brains and two sets of vocal organs* in close apposition.

If the reader has followed the argument and weighed the evidence that has been given, he will find himself insensibly adopting this partnership theory as the true method and manner of producing the direct voice, though he may possibly think it is the etheric and not the astral body of the medium which is used, that other members of the circle also on occasion lend their astral (or etheric) counterparts, and that the whole proceeding is less deliberate and more spontaneous than that described by Mr. McKenzie. It may be asked, Why does the communicating spirit require the medium's "double" as well as his own? If it is the etheric body (as I think likely) and not the astral that is made use of, it will be understood that it might be required as a bridge connecting the substance of the spirit's astral body with the psycho-plastic material which is required for reinforcement, so that he may, by the vibration of his astral vocal chords, give to the molecules of the air that motion which we interpret as sound. If it is the astral that is employed, then we may suppose that it is easier to attach psycho-plastic matter to an astral body which is still united with the physical. The expulsion of the double offers no difficulty, because it is a well-known phenomenon whether effected spontaneously or by artificial means, and it has been reported on occasion not only to set objects in motion, but also to speak.

Our perplexities have by this time melted away. We are now able to understand those curious mixings of personality.



To make himself audible, the "one from the other side" has parted with some of his own by mingling himself with that of one who has not yet passed over. (But this latter "personality" is quite unconscious.) The thoughts, language, voice, and even features are partly his and partly his host's. A contest takes place. The extent to which he is swamped will depend on the strength of his will and his experience. No wonder "Julia" confessed "I could not speak through the materialisation." Imagine him asked to give a surname. He knows it quite well, but the other brain, his partner, is not so familiar with it and cannot be coerced into pronouncing what is not part of his verbal stock in trade. Hence stammering and silence; hence dropping of trumpet as concentration is diverted from the reinforcement to the effort at coercion; hence those quaint treasures of scientific lore when, asked to explain and having, it seems, no very clear idea of the mechanism, he plays for the moment second fiddle to his fellow and brings out not his own idea (for he has none) but one which may be either personal to the medium or a kind of mosaic reflecting the scientific intelligence of the circle. Hence every sort of muddlement and confusion which can be brought forward to discredit his *bona fides*. Hence, once more, that feeling in the throat, that twitching of the wrist when taps are heard on the trumpet (for it must be remembered that the filament, by which the double is connected always with its physical counterpart, preserves between them the closest possible correspondence and sympathy).

I have not explained the function of the trumpet, which is not an essential feature, and probably is used to concentrate and magnify the sounds. In a later chapter of his book Mr. McKenzie has the following: "Within [the trumpet] is created a psychic organism whereby an audible voice is produced by spirit operators." It may be so, but the author admits he has not been able to study the phenomena, and I therefore take leave to doubt it. The process described in this article is the explanation of the direct voice as heard at séances. It may or may not be true of dog-barks or cornet solos. It may or may not apply to the haunting ghost and the casual domestic spirit of the fireside.

#### A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF AUGUST 28TH, 1886.)

Lafontaine placed a somnambulist in some scales, and she lost in weight when he magnetised her. Zöllner relates that Slade raised him and the chair on which he was sitting a foot from the ground by simply placing his hands on the back, the chair following his hands like a magnet. The magnetic attraction of somnambulists through the magnetiser is fresh in our memory from Hansen's performances, and Professor Kieser speaks of a somnambulist being raised from the ground through the touch of the magnetiser's thumbs.

Since electricity is proved to flow through the human nerves, and since weight probably only depends on a special law of electricity, it is not impossible that it may be modified, when, in the act of magnetising, foreign electricity may stream forth upon an organism. It is, however, to be concluded from the essential resemblance which exists between induced and natural somnambulism, that the floating in the air of ecstasies in every age was brought on, so that Professor Crookes could write of "rising in the air which explains certain miracles narrated in history." Eunapius relates that the Alexandrian philosopher, Iamblichus, on account of his piety, floated in the air, and it is greatly in favour of the theory of unconsciousness and loss of memory in a state of somnambulism when we read that Iamblichus laughed at his pupils for their credulity when they told him of his floating in the air. The same fact is related by Philostratus of the Indian Brahmins in his biography of Apollonius. The physician Billot had a somnambulant patient, who often called out when she went about the room on crutches, "I am rising in the air, I am being lifted up, and I am afraid of being carried through the window!" That which in this case was only a muscular sensation, however, really occurred with the medium Home. "We all know" (writes Wallace) "that at least fifty persons of high

character can be found in London, who would vouch for the fact that they saw this phenomenon happen with Mr. Home." One of the witnesses, Lord Lindsay, asserts that he saw Home first floating about the room, and then in a horizontal position float through one of the windows and back again through the other, eighty-five feet above the ground. When, however, Home was examined on the subject by the Dialectical Society, he said just as Iamblichus did, "I remember nothing myself of being carried out through one window and in again through another since I was unconscious; but there were many witnesses of the fact."

—From an article by C. DU PREL.

#### SOME CORNISH CHARMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Many quaint and curious superstitions still linger in the outlying parts of Cornwall. Being at the moment of writing in the Land's End, I have thought it an appropriate time for gathering a few of these flowers of folk-lore. Thus I learn that a future husband can be discovered by writing three likely names on separate pieces of paper, which are tightly pressed into the centre of three balls of earth. These are then put into a deep basin of water and anxiously watched until one of them opens, and the first name that rises to the surface will be that of the person the experimenter is destined to marry.

Another method is for a young maiden to gather a rose on Midsummer Day, fold it in a white paper and avoid looking at or speaking of it until the following Christmas Day when it will be found to be fresh and bright; further, if she place it in her bosom and wear it at church, the person most worthy of her hand will be sure to draw near her in the porch and beseech her to give him the rose.

It was once a common custom in East Cornwall, when houses were built, to leave holes in the walls for the pixies to enter by, for to keep them out would be to drive away good luck. Sometimes knobs of lead, known as "pisky's paws" or "pisky feet," were placed at intervals on the roofs of farmhouses to prevent the pixies dancing on them and turning the milk sour in the dairies.

"Dowsing" is practised in Cornwall as in other parts of the West. A forked twig of hazel is used by some of the miners to discover a vein of ore; it is held loosely in the hand, the point towards the "dowser's" breast, and it is said to turn round when the holder is standing over metal.

A cure for cramp or rheumatism is, on going to bed to place one's slippers or boots under the bed, soles upwards, or to rest them against the bed-post with their toes upwards.

Old folks believe that when a boy is born on the waning moon the next birth will be a girl, and *vice-versa*. They also say that when a birth takes place on the growing of the moon, the next child will be of the same sex. A child born in the interval between the old and new moons is fated to die young, and babies with blue veins across their noses do not live to see twenty-one. (I have culled some of these instances from Miss Courtney's "Cornish Feasts and Folklore.") It is all delightfully mysterious and enthralling, and quite in keeping with the romantic beauty of this remote corner of England. Like Brittany, to which in the past it was undoubtedly joined, it is a land of saints and legends, of simple kindly folk whose beliefs and traditions are inspired and coloured by the wild and elemental features of their surroundings. There is an atmosphere of mysticism about Cornwall. You feel it in the old-fashioned kitchens of the farmhouses, out on the moors and headlands, and down in the coves beside the restless sea. Here the earth-spirit holds its sway, and expresses itself with no uncertain voice to him who will reverently listen.

ARTHUR BUTCHER.

THE LAST WORD.—Mrs. Adrian Porter, in her recently issued biography of her father, Sir John Henniker Heaton, to whom we owe our Imperial penny postage, records a touching incident in connection with his transition. Sir John had been unconscious and the end seemed imminent, so a friend who was watching bent down and spoke Lady Henniker's Christian name, "Rose." Sir John's spirit broke through the deepening shadows of death. He raised his head, spoke his last word, "Love," and fell into the calm sleep in which his spirit passed away.



## THE UNFOLDMENT OF LIFE.

## A MEDITATION.

Life should be the fullest and sweetest expression of selfhood, radiating forth each moment that subtle something which distinguishes it from all else.

Unconsciously men imbibe the spirit exhaled by others of God's creatures, and may live in an atmosphere of holy and reverent enjoyment of life, perceiving behind the veil the working of those refining influences which transcend human ken and illumine the souls of those we are wont to call seers. If we get into correspondence with the soul of Nature, so as to become part of it, each flower will address us in a language all its own. The ripple of the waves will touch a chord in our hearts and the sunshine will convey something deeper than warmth and light, for in its rays abides the power of God, and it is this which, entering into us and enlarging our soul with each breath, enables us to live at one with all surrounding things.

The trees of the forest whisper words unspoken by the tongue, the sky sheds a radiance far surpassing the glory of the tropics, the song of the birds utters music not yet transcribed by the hand of man, the hum of insects drowsily accompanies the song of Nature in a rapture all its own. The dance of the tree branches to the music of the wind stirs within the heart an emotion which no step of the human foot has yet been able to awaken. It emulates the rhythmic movement of those dainty fairies whom only highly privileged mortals are deemed worthy to behold.

The self must be blotted out before the deep underlying purpose of life unfolds itself to our vision, before we can hear the music of the spheres.

Those who perceive this great truth lose all zest for the struggle and strife begotten of self-interest. Their work is performed with zeal and joy, but forgetful of self. Their mission in life is not measured by the desire of worldly honour and emolument, which, after all, is but a transient pleasure. There is a deep-seated, abiding joy which nothing can shake, and no worldly cataclysm destroy, because it issues from the Palace of Truth—a house not made with hands—where neither thief can break through nor moth nor rust corrupt.

To him who understands this mystery there remains an influence which illumines every deed and word and which shows its living presence in every glance. Such an one hath in truth inherited the earth and knows the peace which passeth all understanding.

WILFRID AYLWIN.

## OCCULTISM AND ART.

## THE PICTURES OF "ATLANTIS."

The first effect on entering the studio at 91, Moscow-road, Bayswater, W., in which "Atlantis" is now exhibiting her psychic and subconscious paintings, is a little "creepy." Even a person with a comparatively easy conscience might confess to a slight feeling of discomfort at finding himself the centre, if not in every case the focus-point, of the gaze of innumerable eyes—wonderful luminous optics aglow with light and intelligence. It is true they do not shine out of vacancy like the accusing eyes seen in some nightmare visions. They are set in the usual frame with brow and nose, mouth and chin, but these other features are so subordinated to the "windows of the soul" that we are barely conscious of them at once. Recovering from our first shock we suffer ourselves to be guided round by a lady friend of the artist, skilled to interpret the significance of each picture. We pause before an eager, purposeful young face of Egyptian type and are called upon to observe the sacred ibis on her forehead. Do we recognise the bearded face that comes next? Yes, though softened and super-refined, we detect in the features a shadowy resemblance of the late King. Our attention is now called to a series of "portrait impressions," purporting to be of men who have passed over the fighting line. Some of these (including one of a young officer in a sleeping cap, who was sniped in Flanders) have, we are told, been recognised by their friends. We have barely noted

a countenance of serene beauty crowned with the astrological sign of the planet Venus, ere we are aware of two gleaming orbs—lambent-yellow like a tiger's—contemplating us through half-closed lids. They belong to the "Spirit of the Sphinx," that riddler of old—sensuous, implacable, inscrutable—and we turn with relief to the lovely upturned face of "Purity," framed in some filmy soft material, which hangs in graceful lines about her slender form as she stands, holding with one hand a lotus lily to her bosom. But symbolism is not confined to single faces and figures. Here are two faces—a man's and a woman's—the man, with the pallor of death on his handsome, clear-cut features, looks up through purple mists to see and recognise the vision of her whom he had "loved and lost awhile" bending over him with tender regard. This is called "The Dawning Consciousness." Here, again, is "The Wreck"—an unquiet sea in which a brave ship has but now been engulfed, for up the broad beam of white light that cleaves the darkness ascends a host of released spirits. This picture was painted a week before the sinking of the "Empress of Ireland." In reply to our inquiries "Atlantis" tells us that though she has had some art training, she has never drawn from life, and that she produces these remarkable symbolical paintings without conscious mental effort or knowing beforehand what is coming. Certainly, whether one regards them as the unaided outcome of natural talent or as the production of that talent heightened and guided by inspiration from the unseen—and for ourselves we incline to the latter explanation—they are well worthy of a visit.

D. R.

## THE ENEMIES WITHIN.

We take the following from an editorial in the August "Nautilus":—

You see, the trouble with living according to the appetites of the flesh is that one becomes the slave of those appetites. Immoderation in anything always spells slavery. Listen to these words from the Bhagavad Gita written thousands of years before Christ. Arjuna asks: "But, O Krishna, it oft would seem that a man is pushed into evil-doing by some power outside of himself—as if, contrary to his inclinations, he were impelled by some secret force. Inform me, thou, of this mystery."

And the Lord Krishna, the Christ of the Bhagavad Gita, answers thus: "It is the essence of his accumulated desires, combining for attack, that urgeth him on. It is this enemy of man, called lust or passion, begotten of the carnal nature, full of sin and error. . . . So thus recognising the Real Self as higher than all, proceed thou to govern the personal Self, by the power of the Real Self, and thus conquer this foul monster, Desire, most difficult to seize, and yet possible of being mastered by the Real Self. Then bind him fast for evermore, thy slave instead of thy master."

So then, if one would be freed in spirit and in truth, one must master and direct the body of flesh and all its appetites.

In expressing agreement with our American contemporary we may own to feeling critically disposed to the apparent assumption in the quotation from the Bhagavad Gita that the only spiritual slavery which calls for resistance is slavery to the carnal nature. If Desire—not its merely selfish gratification, but Desire itself, with a capital D—be indeed a "foul monster" which has no business to exist, and if saintship consist solely in its absence or repression, what a halo ought to surround the brow of that empty shell of a man, Mr. Casaubon, the bloodless old bookworm of George Eliot's "Middlemarch"! But Arjuna, of course, had never read "Middlemarch," nor Tennyson's "Palace of Art"!

At a time when *LIGHT*, with other journals, is feeling the pressure of war conditions, we greatly appreciate a kindly word of encouragement from a contemporary. We take the following from that excellent New Zealand monthly, "The Harbinger of Light": "*LIGHT* is far too valuable a journal to the cause for its prospects to be jeopardised by passing adverse circumstances. Now is the time for its supporters to show their mettle! Most of us have plenty of friends in fine weather, but the truest friends are those who stand by us loyally when the financial barometer points to stormy conditions." We agree, and trust that "The Harbinger" itself may never lack such friends.



## SIDELIGHTS.

The current issue of the "Contemporary Review" contains a notable article on "The Irish Problem" by Sir William F. Barrett.

Several inquiries have reached us regarding Mr. David Wilson and his psychic telegraph. We learned from him some months ago that he was compelled for business reasons to suspend his experiments, which were very costly. Of the genuineness of his results we had ample evidence. No doubt they will be continued either by him or others, for several experimenters are working in the same direction if not along the same lines, and doubtless we shall hear of them when the results attained are sufficiently definite. It is not to be expected that such revolutionary discoveries will be perfected easily and rapidly.

Some of the newspapers which are very shy of the authentic side of psychic study show an amusing readiness to be captured by the bogus element. The "occult numbers" in regard to the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria (which we exposed in *LIGHT* of June the 8th and 15th) took in several of them. And now we hear of the "midnight portent of peace"—a "great white rainbow" in the Avon Valley. Doubtless the "white rainbow" was simply a lunar rainbow, the colours of which would be too faint to be easily discerned. The lunar rainbow is a rare visitor to this country—it is infrequent even in the tropics. Much as we hope for peace, we should hesitate to set down a lunar rainbow as a "portent."

Mrs. Zeilah Lee is one of the many examples in mediumship where the supernormal powers came spontaneously into activity—she has been clairvoyant from childhood. It is recalled that in the operations for the recovery of the treasure lying in the Spanish galleon "Florescia," sunk in Tobermory Bay, her services as a seer were utilised by Lieut.-Colonel MacKenzie Foss, the chairman of the syndicate formed to search for the treasure, some of which was recovered. In an interview with a representative of the "Daily Mirror" in March, 1911, he gave some instances of the correctness of her clairvoyant descriptions. From a small piece of wood, of the nature of which she normally knew nothing, she gave a description of the ship (from which it was taken) and its locality, with other facts which were verified afterwards. Mrs. Lee is the widow of an old and well-known journalist.

In the view of Mr. H. Kemp Prosser, who is responsible for the designs of two delightful interiors in the French play "L'abergette" at the Garrick Theatre, people who wish to retain their vitality and normality in war-time should avoid certain colours. "Cardinal red," he told a "Daily Chronicle" representative recently, "is the symbol of murder, hate and cruelty. Sage-green means vileness, and brown decay. Lemon-yellow, on the other hand, suggests to people who are sensitive to colour influence, light and life. That is why I suggest that this colour should dominate colour schemes in hospitals and homes for wounded soldiers. In my Peace and Rest Room at Chelsea, for soldiers, the symbolical colours used were lemon-yellow, mauve, sapphire, turquoise and blue."

So far as the theatre is concerned, Mr. Kemp Prosser's idea is to express in colour vibrations the personality expressed in the play. He looks forward to a happy day when the theatre-going public will be so well educated, speaking in terms of colour, that they will ask for a performance of Wagner's "Ring" in colour vibrations. "The most important point," he emphasised, "is that the public shall be accustomed to the vigorous major colours, or primary colours, and not to the minor colours, which are decadent and enervating."

It is not often one finds a regularly accredited minister of religion taking an active part in platform work for Spiritualism, and it has therefore been with some sense of novelty that we have noted for a considerable time past in the weekly reports of society work the name of the Rev. David F. Stewart, M.A., in almost constant association with the Sunday services carried on in one of our best known Metropolitan centres. Mr. Stewart in reply to our inquiries as to how he came to be associated with the movement, has given us a brief sketch of his career. He informs us that after considerable experience in business he took a six years' course in Edinburgh University, followed by three years' study in theology in New College, Hampstead, at the end of which time he was inducted minister of Tonbridge Congregational Church. His ministry lasted seven years, during which he gave the frankest expression to his beliefs. At

its close he found himself too broad for Congregationalism and too orthodox for Unitarianism, and therefore shut out from both bodies.

After the foregoing experience Mr. Stewart started preaching in a small public hall. During his tenure of this place he came into touch with some Spiritualists, who invited Mrs. Stewart and himself to join their circle. Wonderful manifestations ensued. Among the controls was a lady who in her earth life had greatly befriended him, while another visitor from the unseen, whom he easily recognised, was a past theological opponent, who came with all his old inimitable mannerisms. Mr. Stewart next made a further venture by hiring a picture hall for Sunday services, but the conduct of the more lively spirits who found admission practically broke up the meetings. A year or two later the way opened for his coming to London, and on doing so he at once visited the nearest Spiritualist society—that meeting at Grovedale Hall, Holloway. He has never actually joined the society, but with his wife's aid and that of their friend, Miss Selman, he has provided music every Sunday morning, and has spoken when invited to do so; and he alludes in terms of warm appreciation to the kindness he has met with from those associated with the work.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## Death and Spiritual Progression.

SIR,—Christ's teaching on the above is more satisfactory than Swedenborg's. We are convinced that Dives was repenting when he desired the salvation of his brethren, thus ruling out the orthodox hell as a *fixed fiery abode*. It is strange that those who repudiate a physical hell should assert that there are mental and spiritual "hells" almost as terrible—a case of getting out of the fire into the frying-pan.

Sin may be more superficial than is generally supposed—think of the symbolism in "the washing of the robes"—Yours, &c.,

E. P. PRENTICE.

## The Doctrine of the Fall.

SIR,—In your notice of the interesting book by the Rev. Eric S. Robertson in *LIGHT* of the 5th inst., you quote him as writing therein: "Would to God that some scholars would form themselves into a society for the Extirpation of the Doctrine of the Fall! Would that Oxford or Cambridge would provide such a society." I heartily agree with the writer, because then for the first time, perhaps, this wonderful doctrine, or rather fragment of history, of the devolution period of the human race would be made plain to the minds of Christians and others. At present the legendary story of Adam and Eve is no longer food for the intellect of inquiring man, and I, for one, would welcome such a society, which would not, I feel very sure, "extirpate" the doctrine, but explain and make clear this archaic story regarding the human race at one period of its history. I personally should have no fear, but a zealous courage, in demanding that *all* the doctrine, as a revealed record of humanity, should be brought to light. And I make no doubt that, as a revelation of truth must reveal only truth itself, all else being falsehood, this great truth of ancient times will, when once again completely unveiled, prove to be the solution of most of our great problems, besides confirming man's great hope for his future both in this world and the next. I would subscribe to such a society most willingly. Yours, &c.,

ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

409, Old Chester-road, Rock Ferry.

August 14th, 1916.

## "DREAMING TRUE."

Mrs. J. (her pen name is "Chatelaine"), to whom we were indebted for the remarkable experience narrated in last week's *LIGHT* on page 266, writes to point out an error in our version. The only dreamer in the story was herself. The striking feature of the incident was that while she was dreaming that she was on the Union Ground at Johannesburg, though really asleep in a village many miles away, Mr. M., walking toward that spot on his way to business actually did, in a *waking* vision, see her there—the incidents of his vision corresponding exactly with her dream. She has sent us an account of the other strange dream experience, to which reference is made in the opening sentence of the narrative. We hope to print this at an early opportunity.